Mar. 30, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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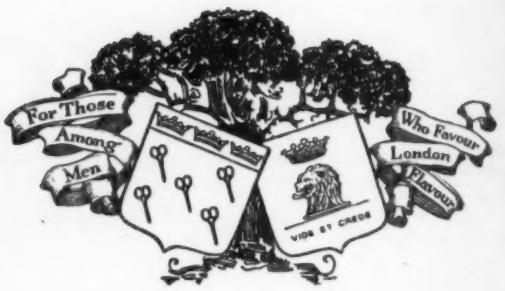

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 6, March 30, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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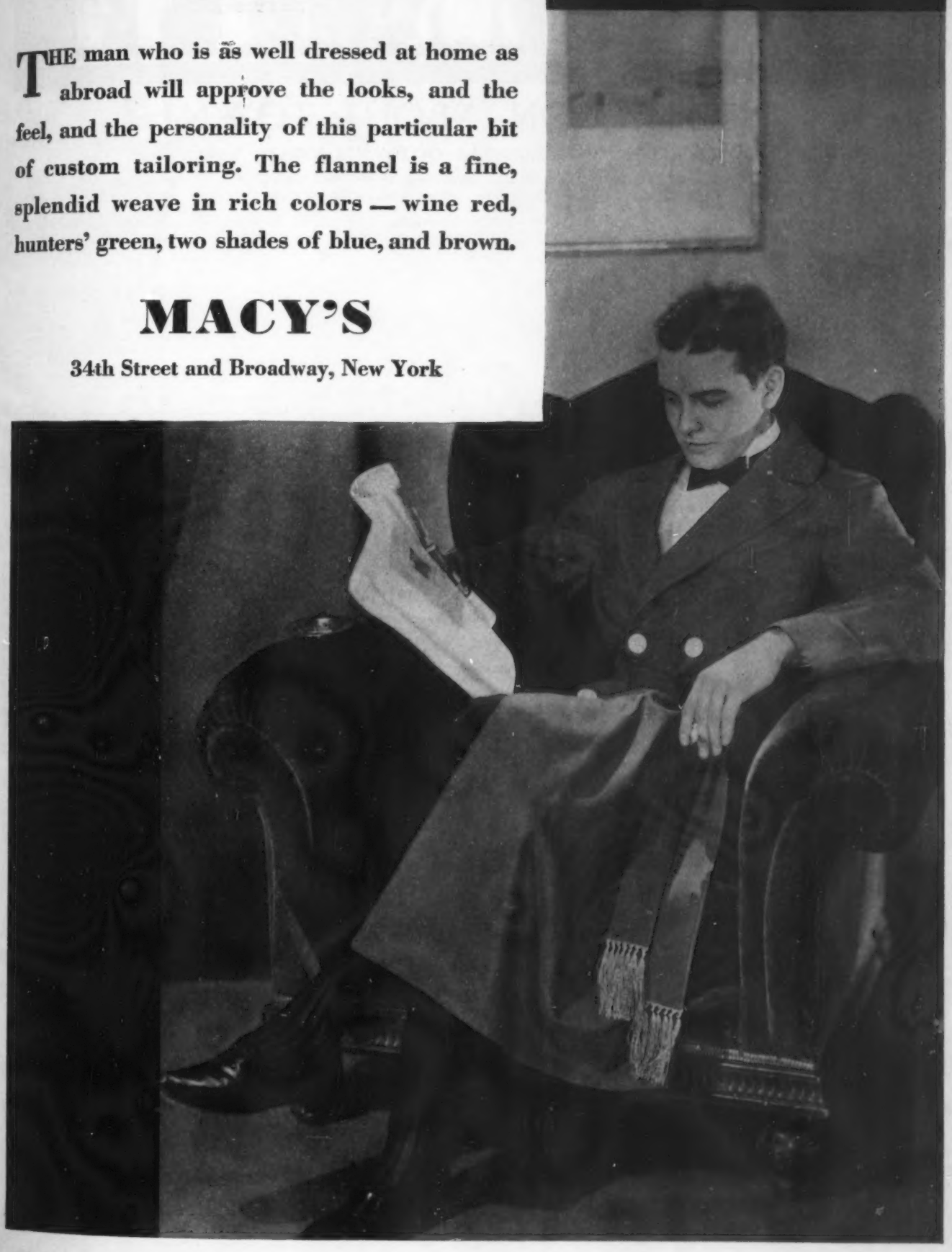

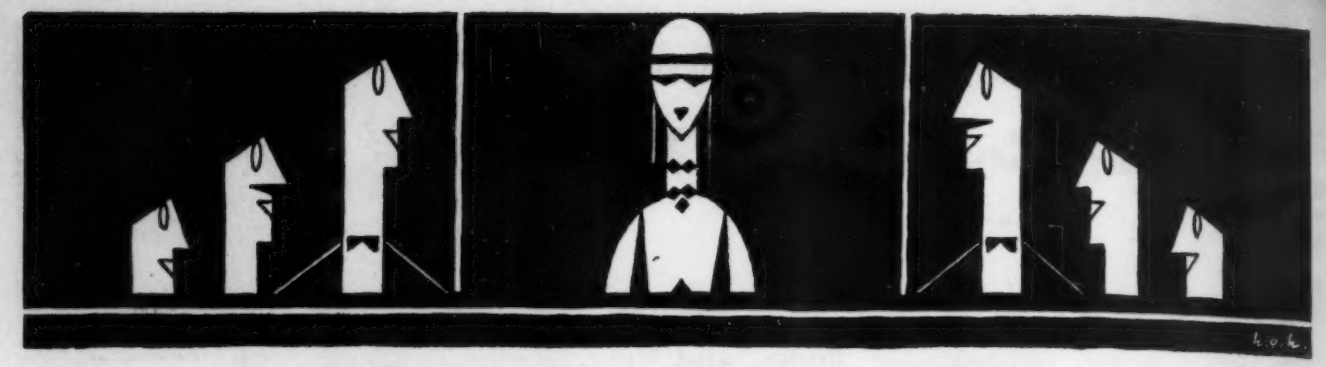

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 6]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Katharine Cornell in an elaborate dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel which has more charm than speed. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CAPRICE—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne lend an irresistible brilliance to a slight Viennese comedy. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"The Cherry Orchard," good production of Tchekov's play, with Nazimova. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 29; Tues. Eve., Apr. 2; Wed. Mat., Apr. 3.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Morns., Mar. 30 and Apr. 6, at 10:30; Mon. Eve., Apr. 1; Thurs. Mat., Apr. 4.) . . . "Katerina," Nazimova giving a fine performance in Andreyev's play. (Sat. Mat., Mar. 30; Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 5 and 6.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 30.) . . . "The Good Hope," a Dutch tragedy of the sea. (Wed. Eve., Apr. 3.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," Spanish light comedy. (Thurs. Eve., Apr. 4.) . . . "Twelfth Night," Shakespearean revival. (Sat. Mat., Apr. 6.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CONFLICT—A wartime alliance goes on the rocks. Not very important, but pleasant entertainment for a spring evening. (Fulton, 46, W. Reopens Mon., Apr. 1.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden's perennial revival of the Rostand play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Why newspapers are so funny. Still one of the most exciting plays in town. (Times Square, 42, W.)

HARLEM—A gangster melodrama set in the most melodramatic spot on earth. Colored cast. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HOLIDAY—A sparkling comedy about the depressingly rich, by Philip Barry. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—The farce of a know-it-all forced by fate to know a little something and act upon it. With Edward G. Robinson. (Royale, 45, W.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore plays a disturbing divorcée in an entertaining comedy by Rachel Crothers. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—A charming comedy in which a father runs away with his baby. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—Alice Brady makes a silken racketeer into a real person. (Cort, 48, E.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—Completely satisfactory account of a murder and its solution, by A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Daily Mats. Mon. through Sat., Apr. 1-6.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Monday. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

SERENA BLANDISH—The fabulous comedy of a girl who somehow couldn't make a good match. With Ruth Gordon. (Morosco, 45, W. 2:40 P.M.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Revival of O'Neill's four one-act plays of the sea. (Garrick, 35, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's nine-act study of love and neuroses, played by a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement vividly portrayed in a fine play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Daily Mats. Mon. through Sat., Apr. 1-6.)

THE WHISPERING GALLERY—Good enough to satisfy that low taste for comedy mysteries. (49th Street, 49, W.)

NOTE: FOR CHILDREN—"Love Laughs at the Pirate," Sat. and Wed. Afts., Mar. 30 and Apr. 3, at 2:30; Sue Hastings' Marionettes, Sat. Aft., Apr. 6, at 2:30. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The gorgeous madness of the Marx Brothers. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BLACKBIRDS—Bill Robinson's practically perfect tap dancing in a good colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FIORETTA—Rococo romance in an eighteenth-century Venice elaborately conceived by Earl Carroll, and brightened by Fannie Brice and Leon Errol. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Recommended unreservedly. (46th Street, 46, W.)

FRENCH MUSICAL COMEDY—"Pas sur la Bouche," will be presented by the visiting French company, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 29 and 30, and Sat. Mat., Mar. 30. For next week's bill see daily papers. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Extra Mats. Mon., Apr. 1 and Fri., Apr. 5.)

LADY FINGERS—A pleasant show made from an Owen Davis farce, with indifferent music. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. Moves to Liberty, 42, W., Mon., Apr. 1.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—A revue that isn't good-looking, but makes up for it by being amusing. With Phil Baker. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf as a gentleman adventurer of the Richelieu period. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Last season's happy contribution. With Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, and a beautiful Kern score. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SPRING IS HERE—Fatherly interference with young love makes a charming book, and Richard Rodgers supplies the score. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers turns a characteristic Fred and Dorothy Stone musical into an uproarious show. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production, Eddie Cantor furnishing the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

VAUDEVILLE—Gilda Gray will be at the Palace, Fri. and Sat., Mar. 29 and 30; Vincent Lopez and his orchestra will be there through Sat., Apr. 6. Performances at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5 P.M.

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088) Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," now cut to normal length, is at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733) Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA—A two-weeks' engagement of Stephen Phillips' play, with Jane Cowl. Opens Mon. Aft., Apr. 1. (Forrest, 49, W.)

MAN'S ESTATE—A Theatre Guild production, with Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore. Opens Mon. Eve., Apr. 1. (Biltmore, 47, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—Mrs. Fiske in a revival of her former success. Opens Mon. Eve., Apr. 1. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—A play by John Drinkwater. Opens Thurs. Eve., Apr. 4. (National, 41, W.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Park Avenue refinement; with Larry Siry's orchestra.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd and excellent music; with Chick Endor.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd; dancing by Murphy and Johnson.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—A new show; George Olsen and his band furnish the music.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Dickerman decorations and good food. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Ziegfeld entertainment, with Helen Morgan, and Paul Whiteman's music.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Striking decorations and Vincent Lopez' orchestra. Must dress.

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	27
THE WAYWARD PRESS	30
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	41
MUSICAL EVENTS	52
POPULAR SHEET MUSIC	56
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	62
THIS AND THAT	62
HOCKEY	69
INDOOR POLO	72
THE ART GALLERIES	78
THE SKY LINE	81
THE CURRENT CINEMA	86
COURT GAMES	88
RECENT BOOKS	94
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	97

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 6]

(Continued from page 4)

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's band.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting of this type—there are many others: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, with Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, Jack White and Tommy Lyman are amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, which has a good show.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun . . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive, are: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is entertaining, particularly on Saturday nights . . . . Yar, 9 E. 54, is small, attractive, and rather expensive.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—A highly entertaining film, with good performances by Lionel Barrymore and William Haines. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 30-Apr. 1; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Apr. 6; performances continuous from noon.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—A talkie of theatrical life which is drawing the crowd. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE DIVINE LADY—The saga of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson very attractively pictured with the aid of Corinne Griffith. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

HEARTS IN DIXIE—A negro all-talking picture that has much pictorial charm, and is successful in rendering the spirituals and dialect of the South. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE IRON MASK—Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan again, in a characteristic picture which the star's public will enjoy. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—The vivacious Lupe Velez in an agreeable picture of the Paris of the Second Empire. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; Fri., Mar. 29, last day; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels gives a beautiful performance in a very good talking picture of Somerset Maugham's play. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson, almost in person. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

"The Last Laugh," with Emil Jannings, and "Potemkin," are now being revived at the Film Guild Cinema, 52 W. 8; performances continuous from 2 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 5.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Canary Murder Case," competent movie version of the Van Dine mystery; "The Doctor's Secret," from Barrie's "Half an Hour," with excellent acting by Ruth Chatterton; "The Flying Fleet," with Ramon Novarro, and interesting for some good views of naval aviation; "Sins of the Fathers," the rise and fall of a hotel waiter, with Emil Jannings; "Wolf Song," over-caloried but picturesque romance of the Spanish Southwest, with Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez.

ART

ACADEMY—Annual spring show of the National Academy of Design, with prizewinners: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.

BEGINNERS—Sixth exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BERLANDINA—Water-color footnotes by a brilliant Frenchwoman: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CONTEMPORARY DECORATION—Enormously successful exhibit of American decorative art: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . A home furnishing project in the modern style by various contemporary designers: American Designers' Gallery, 145 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DAUMIER—Lithographs and wood engravings by a famous Frenchman: Room 316, Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ARTHUR B. DAVIES—His last works; water-color impressions of Italy and Spain; also, small bronzes: Ferargil, 37 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

INDEPENDENTS—Last three days of annual show: Waldorf Roof, 5 Ave. at 34. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.; through Sun., Mar. 31.

IRISH—Nationals, heretofore engaged in literature and politics, foster a painters' movement: Hackett, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MASTERS—Eighteenth-century French, including Fragonard, Chardin, and Largillière; benefit showing for Paris College of N. Y. U.: Wildenstein, 647 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

POOR—This unusual American potter working in the early Persian and Chinese techniques: Montross, 26 E. 56. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 30.

SCHMIDT—One of the young Americans takes her place among the country's best painters: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

WALTER GIESEKING—One of the finest pianists of our time. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 31.

FELIX SALMOND—A 'cellist of unusual attainments. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 31.

MARY GARDEN—First New York appearance in some time. Benefit concert. Hotel Roosevelt, Wed. Eve., Apr. 3.

OSCAR ZIEGLER—A gifted young Swiss pianist. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 5.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF—Probably your last chance to hear him this season. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 6.

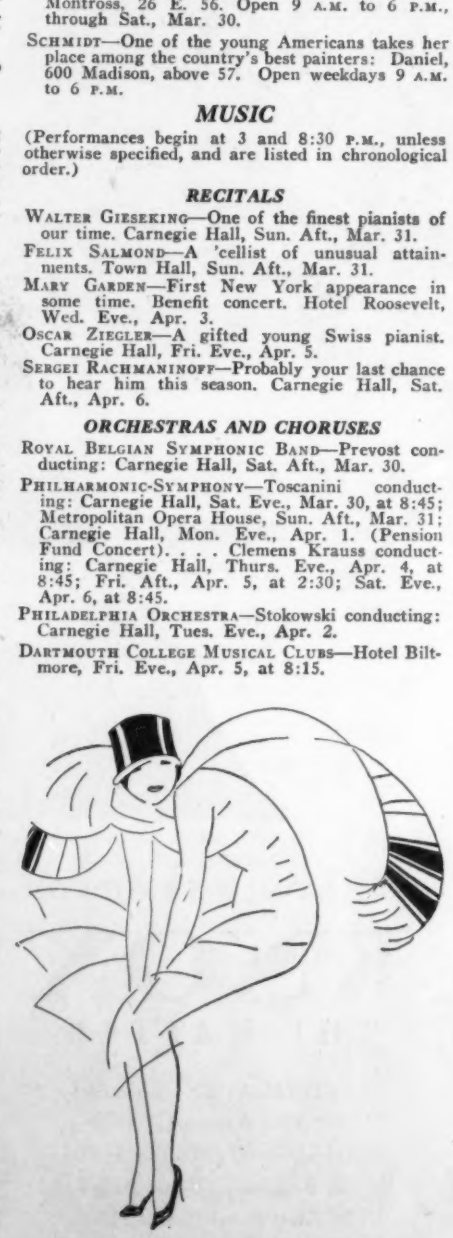
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

ROYAL BELGIAN SYMPHONIC BAND—Prevost conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 30.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 30, at 8:45; Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Mar. 31; Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Apr. 1. (Pension Fund Concert). . . . Clemens Krauss conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 4, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 6, at 8:45.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 2.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE MUSICAL CLUBS—Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8:15.



HARVARD UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Davison conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 6.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Parsifal," Fri. Aft., Mar. 29, at 1; "Madame Butterfly," Fri. Eve., Mar. 29, at 8:15; "Faust," Sat. Aft., Mar. 30, at 2; "The Tales of Hoffman," Sat. Eve., Mar. 30, at 8; "Der Freischutz," Mon. Eve., Apr. 1, at 8; "La Boheme," benefit performance, Tues. Eve., Apr. 2, at 8:15; "La Gioconda," Wed. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8; "Jonny Spielt Auf," Thurs. Eve., Apr. 4, at 8:15; "La Traviata," Fri. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2; "Siegfried," Fri. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8; "Fra Gherardo," Sat. Aft., Apr. 6, at 2; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Apr. 6, at 8.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Mar. 30 and Apr. 6, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

ANDREW W. MELLON—The Secretary of the Treasury will discuss matters of national finance: Sat., Mar. 30, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Mar. 31, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

PHIL BAKER—With Ben Bernie: Sun., Mar. 31, at 8:30 P.M., over WABC.

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Pianist; and Paul Kochanski, violinist: Sun., Mar. 31, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

MARY GARDEN—Famous dramatic soprano: Sun., Mar. 31, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

MOZART'S REQUIEM—Sun., Mar. 31, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ.

OPERA—Tamaki Miura, Japanese soprano, will sing the leading rôle in Franchetti's "Namiko San:" Mon., Apr. 1, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Apr. 2, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

FENCING—Intercollegiate Championship Finals: Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Mar. 29, at 8, to be followed by a ball.

HORSE SHOW—The Riding Club show: Wed. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8:15, at The Riding Club, 7 W. 66.

INDOOR POLO—National championship playoffs at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94: Class C Finals, Brooklyn vs. New England (Class B), and Open Finals, Sat., Mar. 30, at 8 P.M. . . . Class D Semi-finals, Tues., Apr. 2, at 5:30 P.M. . . . Interscholastic Semi-finals, Boston vs. Optimists (Class A), and Pennsylvania vs. Brooklyn (Class A), Tues., Apr. 2, at 8 P.M. . . . Interscholastic Finals, Sat., Apr. 6, at 4 P.M. . . . Class B Semi-finals, and N. Y. vs. Army (Class A), Sat., Apr. 6, at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUS—The big spring event for children of all ages. Opens at Madison Square Garden, Mon. Aft., Apr. 1; performances at 2 and 8 P.M. . . . For a pre-view of the circus you can go to the Coliseum, Tremont Ave. at 177, where it will be Fri. and Sat., Mar. 29 and 30; performances at 2 and 8 P.M. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177.)

DANCE RECITALS—Senia Gluck and Felicia Sorel: Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 31, at 8:45. . . . Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 31, at 8:30. . . . Carola Goya and Carlos de Vega, in Spanish dances: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8:30.

PUBLIC BALL—The Greenwich Village Revel: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Apr. 5, at 10.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—Antique and modern furniture, Oriental rugs, tapestries, silver, etc.: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 29 and 30, at 2:15. . . . The George W. Paullin collection of books and Americana: Mon. Eve., Apr. 1, at 8:15; Tues. and Wed. Afts. and Eves., Apr. 2 and 3, at 2:15 and 8:15. . . . The Heeramaneck collection of Asiatic art: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Apr. 4 and 5, at 2:15. . . . Miscellaneous paintings: Thurs. Eve. Apr. 5, at 8:15. . . . Dickens' works and relics: Fri. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8:15.

will she...won't she...will she not?
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HERE is a china service deliberately designed to prevent the harrowing ordeal known as making up your mind.

You simply come in to Ovington's, pick out the six or eight patterns you find most beautiful, make certain that they harmonize—and there you are!

This newest of dinner services may include a rainbow of colors, a museum of designs. The color, the shape, the pattern can change with every course. Instead of debating the beauty of Lenox, the brilliance of Minton, you choose both. Instead of one potter you enlist in your service the talents and the loveliest designs of seven or eight.

What wonder that these self-designed services have gone forth to grace some of the most famous tables in our town. For they are colorful, varied and surpassingly lovely. And they are intimately your own as no single pattern ever could be, for they reflect your own individuality as well as your taste.

Naturally, only a china collection as famous as Ovington's offers facilities for such a choice. For only among the masterpieces of such great potters as Ahrenfeldt, Cauldon and Copeland, Black Knight, Lenox and Minton, Rosenthal and Royal Doulton, Wedgwood and Royal Worcester can you hope to find the wide divergencies of color and design, the subtle modulations of size, shape and shade that this newest of china services demands.

"Gifts from all over the World"

OVINGTON'S

Fifth Ave. at 39th Street
New York

Telephone: Caledonia 8702

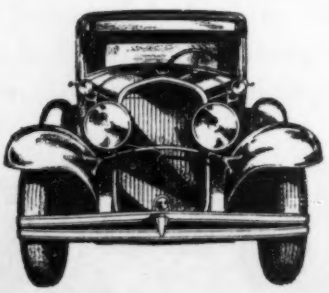
Day Before Yesterday

NOT so long ago (day before yesterday, perhaps?) one saw elephantine automobiles ambling pachydermatously through the traffic—great swollen vehicles obtruding themselves impertinently among the gentry. All such have long since been relegated by the motor stylists to the dark days b. C. (before Chrysler) when the bulbous bus was accepted by the simple as a symbol of speed and of power.

Now, the demand is for youthful cars, for sinewy cars, for cars whose vigor is indicated by trim lines and contours, cars that are lithe and zestful.

Chrysler cars are famous for their youth, both in their dashing appearance and in their alert and eager performance.

There's nothing old about them except their reputation for long life, durability and integrity of construction that the name connotes. Frankly, Chrysler cars are not for the stodgy nor the conventional.



They are for folks who know that Isadora wasn't one of the Duncan Sisters, that Bacardi isn't a tenor and that Proust isn't a beer garden salute—in fact, for earth's charming people—for folks like us.

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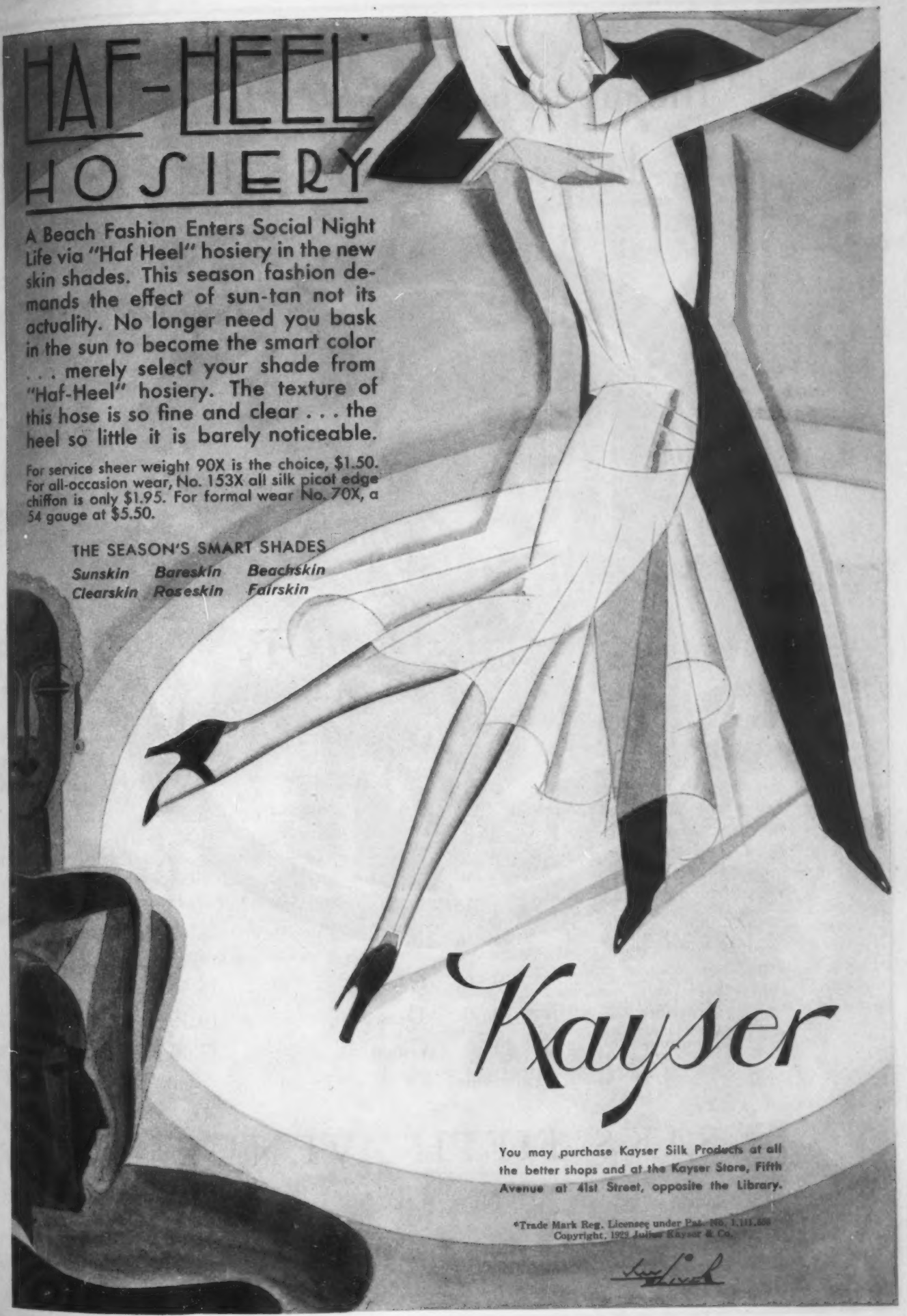
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HOSIERY
A Beach Fashion Enters Social Night Life via "Haf Heel" hosiery in the new skin shades. This season fashion demands the effect of sun-tan not its actuality. No longer need you bask in the sun to become the smart color . . . merely select your shade from "Haf-Heel" hosiery. The texture of this hose is so fine and clear . . . the heel so little it is barely noticeable.
For service sheer weight 90X is the choice, $1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 153X all silk picot edge chiffon is only $1.95. For formal wear No. 70X, a 54 gauge at $5.50.
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You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.
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the modern "*ensemble intime*" ---lace appliqued on satin

Slip - - - -	29.50	Chemise - - -	26.50
Brassiere - - -	9.50	Drawers - - -	19.50
Negligee - - -	49.50	Gown - - - - -	45.00
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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Lingerie Fashions—Fourth Floor

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PROSPERITY and the new subway are both making a dent in Greenwich Village (without, we

are glad to say, mortally wounding it). The two yellow eyes of 1 Fifth Avenue, that tower of the new day, are the eyes of the upper middle classes. The subway rends the Minettas apart. West Eighth Street charges plenty for modern pewter and hooked rugs. Sam Schwartz has moved up from Macdougall. Not long ago we were asked to "a tea in the Village." Quite to our surprise we were escorted not to a second floor rear but to the somewhat sumptuous parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where well-to-do poets were gathered. It was more than we could bear, and we wandered thoughtfully out and played marbles with the doorman.

POETS nowadays are, it occurs to us, well-to-do largely because of Van Heusen collars and Arch Preserver shoes. Both those concerns advertise their products in song over the

radio, and somehow America's lyric heart is peculiarly bound up in the words and music. The Van Heusen singers tell you, in a line of sweeping beauty, that the collar "doesn't irritate or chafe," and the Arch Preserver people have a song which contains lines sounding to us strangely like this:

"I'll step out with youse
In Arch Preserver shoes."

IT'S really too bad that we got started on the subject of success, because that leads us by easy stages to Hoboken. We have watched the solidification of the Seacoast of Bohemia into the Rock of Gibraltar. Hardly two months have passed since we spoke of the early delights of the far shore. It was a "struggling company," but signs of metabolism were even then apparent. The producers started with one theatre and almost no publicity. Hoboken was habitable. There were seats in the restaurants and

tickets at the box office. Then came success, wriggling down Hudson Street. Another theatre was opened. Bigger ads were inserted in the papers. Waiters began to adopt the familiar patronizing air of Broadway. No more did one speak of the struggling actors, but rather of the struggling playgoers. Now, open any door in Hoboken and you bump into a British novelist or a Park Avenue squash champion.

WE try to give five minutes of silent thought each week to colleges and universities—because they're important. A place that interests us is Stevens Tech, which is going to try out a system of refunding tuition to its most proficient students. The better the student, the greater the refund. That, it seems to us, would be a sound plan if there were any way of determining who is a good student. We are confident there isn't. High marks and

great campus honors are insignificant; they throw you off. We are convinced, after many years of watching what happens to college men after graduation, that the safest way to pick likely students in the early stages of the game is by holding a lottery and drawing numbers out of a hat.

SPRING NOTES: Those cracks in the base of the statue in Grand Army Plaza are getting worse, what with the torrential rains of this season. . . . The citizen for whom spring holds least is the eagle tied by his leg in the Central Park Zoo. . . . The new bayou of the Fifty-ninth Street lake in the Park causes frequent traffic jams among rowboats, the channel is so narrow. . . . Dogs that live on roofs are glad spring is here. . . . A butterfly has been sighted at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, flying low and looking as though something were doing.

Admirer

THE day Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was happily autographing books at Gimbel's, a phenomenon we reported lately, an attractive girl fought her way toward him through the crowd and finally stood before him with a copy of his book in her hand. "Are you Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr?" she asked in a low and gentle voice. "Yes,"

he replied. She smiled sweetly and handed him a summons.

God Bless Her

WHEN, along with a considerable fraction of the Eighty-second Division, Private Peter W. Joray found himself a survivor of the Argonne battle and in the ensuing lull sat himself down in the French mud to meditate on what his post-bellum vocation should be, he knew, of course, that this is an age of specialists. It is doubtful if he seriously considered resuming the studies at an agricultural college in Michigan which the call to arms had interrupted. It is even more doubtful if, in his wildest surmise, he foresaw what he would be doing ten years later, for Private Peter W. Joray is the young man who, all this winter, has been giving impersonations of Queen Victoria in the drawing-rooms and studios of the town, to the delight of thousands and to his own considerable enrichment. He has been in nightly demand for several months.

After the war Mr. Joray became an actor, but few remember him in "What Price Glory" or in Miss Cowl's company. At some time he discovered that he could so hold his face that he looked like Queen Victoria. Working from this he built up, for presentation in costume, a considerable repertoire of moments with Her Late Majesty, ranging from such rowdy bits as when she goes to a concert after having consumed too much grouse, to the exquisitely imagined and deeply touching glimpse of her watching the dedication of the Albert Memorial.

Mr. Joray's art is a little uncanny, for in his own person he looks no more like Victoria than Lindbergh does, and not so much as Mr. Hoover does. Inquiries as to how he stumbled on his knack elicit only vague replies. Apparently he was making faces at himself in a mirror and noticed the resemblance. Probably the impersonation he himself enjoyed most was after a dinner at the Brook Club, where he was treated to the moist-eyed reminiscences of the steward, who in the Queen's time had been a footman at Buckingham Palace.

"And me with a date in Kobe."

Theft

THE arrival of the first fragrance of April perhaps explains the indecorous behavior of a gentleman on the Avenue, a most spick-and-span gentleman, spatted, tall-hatted, and morning-coated. He strolled gaily along in the sunshine until he came to the House of Flowers, where potted plants and spring blossoms had overflowed onto the sidewalk. Here he paused a moment with a beatific look in his eye, stooped, and, choosing carefully before strolling on, picked a daisy and put it in his buttonhole.

Ruth and the General

BABE RUTH once met Foch, but we don't know whether he tells people about it often. It happened some years ago when he was playing in vaudeville at the Palace Theatre. The manager revealed that the Generalissimo was in a box party in the auditorium and was coming backstage after the show to meet the actors. Ruth was troubled. "I've never met any of these big birds," he told his partner. "What should I say to him?" "Just shake hands with him and talk about anything you happen to think of," he was advised. So the Babe, impressed by the fine uniform and military bearing of his visitor, asked him if he had been in the war.

Drummer

SAUL GOODMAN, chief kettledrummer of the Philharmonic, is just twenty-two, the youngest chief of the battery section, they say, in any symphony orchestra. Once he stood, a boy in his teens, amid

sixty-year-old colleagues and took a bow in Carnegie Hall. Old-timers there say no other tympanist was ever thus recognized. It was several seasons ago, and Willem Mengelberg was conducting the Philharmonic in Richard Strauss' "Burleske," which includes an elaborate part for the kettledrums. Mr. Goodman carried off his performance with such skill that Mengelberg, in his delight (he is an old tympanum player himself), called Goodman forward at the conclusion of the rendition to share the applause with himself and the piano soloist, Mr. Schmitz. Such things rarely happen.

Goodman began thrumming the neighbors about his home in Brooklyn frantic when he was about four, and by the time he had reached the grade schools was a drummer of notable adroitness. He rolled a drum in the school patriotic exercises and later in a Boy Scout band. He saw a symphony orchestra in action for the first time when he was thirteen—at a concert given by the Philharmonic in a Brooklyn high school. As he walked in, the orchestra was playing Tschaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, which has a long tympani part. The activity of the tympanist, Alfred Friese, held the youngster spellbound and, shyly, during intermission, he approached the great man and asked if he might take lessons from him. Friese taught him for three years, and when the former retired in 1926 his pupil succeeded him.

In his first season as head of the kettle corps, Goodman had a crucial moment, and a great triumph. Called upon at a concert conducted by Toscanini to substitute for the regular triangle player in a performance of Stravinsky's "Petrouschka," he played a triangle solo of eight bars to the complete satisfaction of the exacting Toscanini. Such awful moments do not faze him. He has never, they say, known fright, never has had a lapse of memory, and possesses a remarkable ear. He can tune his four copper basins, all pitched differently and all requiring frequent changes of key, with speed and sureness even when the full orchestra is playing a fortissimo passage at quick tempo. Kettledrum players in orchestras, by the way, are among the highest-paid of the musicians.

New Régime

A LADY in business, who has occasion to mail out a lot of things, cites the following little incident to illustrate that postmaster generals have a sense of humor, or something. Having occasion, a while ago, to use a number of one-and-a-half-cent stamps, and finding that none of them had any glue worth talking about, she decided whimsically to appeal to the highest authority. She sent a telegram to Postmaster General Brown, at Washington, asking him if he couldn't possibly, now that Coolidge had gone, see his way to putting a little more glue on his stamps. By return mail, she received her reply—"Dear Madam: I have your wire suggesting a little more glue on one and one-half cent stamps now that there is a change of Administration. I am directing an investigation with respect to the adhesive quality of stamps and hope that you will have no further difficulty. Sincerely, Walter F. Brown."

Lucky War

WE heard that the candy manufacturers had declared war on the American Tobacco Company, having established headquarters in Sixth Avenue, and we went around, looking for excitement. When we got there the headquarters were being moved to Fifth Avenue. The move is symbolic. Candy is on the up and up. It's a queer world, and both Lucky Strike sales and candy consumption have increased since the slogan "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet" was first used some months ago. The manufacturers aren't fighting very hard. They raised only three or four hundred thousand dollars for propaganda, not much compared to the Lucky Strike appropriation, which was twelve million, so nothing much was done. An offer of a prize for a counter slogan was made half-heartedly, but nothing came of it. Some confectioners with cigarette-stands for a time refused to sell Luckies but there was no general boycott, because of Federal Trade Commission rules.

Candy sales, we were told, incidentally, have grown steadily ever since the

"Why, yes—
I adore
a roof."

war, with a nice little rise in the chart since the American Tobacco Company helped make the public candy-conscious. One reason for good business is growth in sales of peanut and chocolate bars, etc., which retail for five or ten cents. Four times as many of these are sold now as ten years ago. We were told that a great deal of experimenting is done with new bars before they are put on the market. Twenty-five thousand dollars were spent in monkeying with the ingredients of a new molasses confection before it was offered to the public a few weeks ago. The candy trade has its geniuses, and they help. One has just successfully revived the old-fashioned lollipop by inserting a whistle in it so a child can eat candy and make a racket at the same time.

While the candy people are not really unhappy about the cigarette-endorsement advertising, others take it more seriously. A national association of food-products manufacturers has offices in Fourth Avenue in the Thirties. Through this headquarters the sugarmakers are spending nearly a million dollars in dignified advertising. Protests against the tobacco advertising have also been sent from here to the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Radio Commission (about running down food products on the air), the War Department (about General Bullard's testimonial), and to Will Hays (about movie stars' testimonials). The fuss has aroused farmers in the sugar-beet states and half a dozen legislatures are considering bills to restrict radio advertising. This will hit the Lucky Strike radio hour.

The food-products people predict a general "social uprising" against cigarette-smoking. They don't favor that, just warn of it. It seems that ministers, child-welfare societies, and others are indignant over athletes reaching for cigarettes instead of food products. Vicious example to adolescents, they say. Mr. George Washington Hill, head of the American Tobacco Company and originator of the famous slogan, denied in print any insidious intention of encouraging young people to smoke. A Chicago minister, however, has come right back at him with a tract which attempted to establish that the girl in the "I'm a Lucky Girl" poster is only sixteen years old. The President of the Restaurant Owners' Association fixed her age at exactly that, too. The restaurant owners are mad because of the attack on desserts. Maddest of all are the preservers. They had a cartoon drawn depicting a fat tobacco Cyclops tromping on three small gentlemen labelled Jams, Jellies, and Honey.

Slips

ONCE we reported, or meant to anyway, the curious quirk in the workings of an early talking picture which caused a large dog to address a few words to a sailor. If anyone is keeping a list of such mishaps the latest occurred in a showing of "Interference" at a neighborhood theatre. In this instance a dour, stately butler entered and said to the eminent surgeon, Sir John Marlay, "I haven't got the letters, darling."

The Jersey Lily

A FAVORITE Sunday morning walk of sentimentalists now takes them over past the queer old row of houses called London Terrace, proud in their day, in West Twenty-third Street. London Terrace is coming down. Old-timers gaze longest, however, at No. 361, a block farther east in the same street. It is vacant now and is coming down too. Forty years ago it was the home of Lily Langtry. The other night we heard a charming reminiscence of the street in those days. A lady who has grown children now lived as a girl in the house exactly opposite No. 361. For hours on end it was the custom of the youngster to press her nose against a second-floor window pane and stare at the goings-on across the street. Those were the hours when Lily Langtry was dressing. To put on finishing touches, she used to emerge from the privacy of an inner room to get the daylight on a pierglass in the front room upstairs. The lady who watched in awe and reverence remembers mostly a remarkable process in which a strong maid took hold of the beauty's corset-strings, the longest corset-strings our narrator has ever seen, and mightily pulled them. To gain a firmer leverage it was the bright maid's custom to pass them, one at a time, around a post of a four-poster bed in the room and then yank. Afterwards the amazing length of string was deftly wound around the lovely Langtry.

During these hours a carriage drawn by two horses invariably waited outside. Sometimes, in the latening light, a beau of the day would pace the garden restlessly, glancing at his watch, and at the window upstairs—and finally at a growing crowd on the pavements. By the time the great lady emerged in all her glory, hundreds of onlookers stood by to watch. She would always smile with queenly grace at the multitude. And once, when the prying little girl across the way hung onto a curtain in summer weather until it gave way and she almost fell out of the window, the famous lady saw it happen and leaned out of her own window to smile and shake her head, "naughty, naughty." The mother of grown children blushed as she confessed that.

Low Marks

THE other night, a junior at the Stuyvesant High School went home with a pretty difficult bit of homework to do. His teacher had demanded a review of a book, and the youngster was pretty much at sea. At last, in desperation, he turned to the week before last's *Times* Book Section and bodily stole one of its critiques, copying it out in longhand and turning it in. It came back marked "C-minus." The boy's father found out about it, of course, and reprimanded him. "You never should have picked the *Times*," he said.

Lost and Found

IF you find a diamond ring on the sidewalk, or anything else of value,

the legal thing to do is turn it in to the Lost Property Clerk in the old police headquarters building in Centre Street, an official bowed by responsibility and weighted by a one-hundred-thousand-dollar bond; either that or hand it to any policeman, who will do it for you. If the owner doesn't claim it within six months, it becomes yours and you get a certificate of ownership. Some people *do* turn things in, but a cynical police official with a mathematical mind has figured it out that, if a lost article reappears at all, the odds are exactly eleven to nine that it will turn up in a pawnshop. The favorite story told the pawnbroker is that the article is an heirloom and comes from a far-away city. New Orleans is most often chosen; nobody knows why.

If a lost article is pawned the owner is almost certain to recover it, as all the pawnbrokers in the city are required to turn into the gendarmerie each day a list of everything they have advanced money on. The daily average is five thousand watches and six thousand other pieces of jewelry. These reports are fertile in tracing things lost, stolen, and the like.

Occasionally the activities of the police in this regard are embarrassing, as when, not long ago, a politician in need of funds pawned an ornate gold watch studded with diamonds and engraved with his initials. The Lost and Found Bureau called him early next morning, delighted to tell him that they had recovered his watch. Under the circumstances he could only pretend that he had lost it, pay the amount it had been pawned for, and simulate gratitude.

Mixtures Reported

TO one part distilled water add one part vermouth and squeeze a lemon peel over it. We are not recommending this cocktail, merely reporting it. It was served by Mme. Alma Gluck, the singer, at a dinner for twelve. The fault was hers. Before the dinner the butler had asked her for a bottle of gin for the cocktails. She had gone to the wine cabinet to get it but took down a bottle of distilled water instead. The situation didn't come to light until after all the guests had left and Mme. Gluck had to write little notes to them, explaining. It was recalled, however, that none of those present had indicated by word or gesture that there was anything peculiar about the appetizers and that one or two had complimented her formally upon them.

Another new mixture is attributed to a maid in a Scarsdale home. The gentleman of the house had shown her how to prepare cocktails but she had never got it quite clear in her mind. One day the mistress told her to serve crabmeat cocktails for dinner. At the hour for this repast the master descended to the living-room and finding his guests there called for cocktails and served them. Cocktails having meant but one thing to the maid, she had put the crabmeat in the shaker along with some gin. The effect startled everybody.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Shall we go home, or would you like to go to Reuben's?"
"Ohhh—not especially."
"Reuben's, driver."

"We're developing food tolerance in brother. We're working on carrots now."

ALICE IN GLAMOURLAND

THEY had been running for some time when suddenly the Red Queen saw a sign that said TEXAS.

"I guess this is far enough," she said, sitting down on a rock and wiping her forehead. "Let's play Morley."

"Morley?" said Alice doubtfully. "You mean *Milne*, don't you?"

"Morley," repeated the Red Queen with some severity. "It's something like Milne only a hell of a lot quainter."

"Oh," said Alice and added placatingly, "anyway, I bet it's a lot of fun."

"It's not," said the Red Queen. "As a matter of fact it's rather dull."

"Then why do people play it, please?" asked Alice in bewilderment.

The White Knight had fallen off his horse and was lying on his face in the middle of the road. His voice was slightly muffled:

"Whimsy is a curious thing,
And makes a lot of trouble;
But after all it's sure to bring
A sense of being subtle."

"Subtle and trouble isn't a very good rhyme," said Alice, "but I think I see what you mean."

"He's a little crazy," observed the Red Queen indifferently. "He's always a little crazy toward evening—like a cat. Let's get on with the game."

TEXAS, Alice discovered, was mostly sand and rocks and some little plants with spikes on them.

"Don't you suppose," she suggested meekly, "we could find a nicer place to play games? This is so far from home and so dusty."

"A long way from home and *very* dusty," agreed the Red Queen with a satisfied smile. "You couldn't ask for a better place."

Alice thought she could ask for a much better place but the Red Queen looked so very fierce that she decided not to mention it.

"I'll be the audience," said the White Knight, sitting up suddenly. "I ought to be able to make a lot of pretty good noises with this armor."

"I thought the audience was supposed to be quiet at a play," said Alice, but neither of the others paid any attention to her.

"All right," agreed the Red Queen, "and I'll be Morley and *she* can be the cast. It'll serve her right for asking so many silly questions."

"The first thing to do," said the White Knight, "is to find something for her to act. Have you got a book?"

"What kind of a book?" asked Alice.

"Oh, anything," said the White Knight vaguely, "so long as it's quaint and has lots of Mechanical Effects in it."

"Like the *Saturday Evening Post*," suggested Alice.

"Exactly!" cried the Red Queen delightedly and the White Knight rummaged in his saddle-bag and found a magazine which he handed to Alice.

"Read any of 'em," he said. "They're all about the same. But first we've got to have the curtain speech."

The Red Queen, however, had already climbed upon the rock.

"Dine and stein," she said. "Symbols of glamour. Seacoast of Bohemia. Dear old theatre. Dear old play. Friends and neighbors. But you mustn't eat peanuts and you mustn't pinch the ushers."

At this point the White Knight emitted a series of furious catcalls: "Yah, yah, yah, get wise to yourself, big boy!"

"Darling wisdom is purely relative," said the Red Queen, and climbed down off the rock. "Let's get on with the play."

"How about the Mechanical Effects?" asked the White Knight anxiously. "We oughtn't to forget them." His eye lighted on his horse which was standing moodily beside the road. "We *could* have a horserace, except that's only one horse and he doesn't race very well."

"Just the thing!" cried the Red Queen. "It'd be ever so much quainter to have a race with only one horse, and Mechanical Effects are lots funnier if they get stuck. Get on with your reading."

ALICE opened the *Saturday Evening Post*, but by this time the White Knight was making a really frightful din—whistling, stamping his feet, and clapping his gauntleted hands together.

"Dear me," said Alice, "I'm afraid

"I ain't meself today, Joe. Yuh know how it is—kinda listless . . ."

•

he isn't going to be able to hear very well if he makes all that noise."

"Of course he isn't," said the Red Queen patiently. "That's half the fun of it."

Alice shook her head doubtfully but started to read. She found, however, that if she shouted her voice would carry over the racket, and everything went along quite nicely until she came to a place where the hero of the story said: "As long as you love me, there's nothing in the world I can't do." At this the White Knight began to shout and the clapping grew really deafening.

"Good heavens," said Alice irritably, "*now* what's the matter with him?"

"He's amused," said the Red Queen. "He thinks that's naïve."

At last, thought Alice, I'm beginning to see the point of this game, so she started to read with what her elocution teacher called "expression." She hadn't got very far with that, however, when she was halted by a terrific scream from the White Knight.

"Make her stop!" he shouted furiously. "She's kidding it!"

"Of course I'm kidding it," said Alice in amazement. "I thought that was what you wanted. That's what *he's* been doing."

"Be quiet!" whispered the Red Queen frantically. "It's different with him. There's no point if *you* start kidding it, but *he* knows it's silly."

Alice was a little annoyed.

"I guess I know what's silly as well as he does," she said with dignity. To her surprise the Red Queen began to shake her violently, so violently that Alice shut her eyes. The shaking stopped at last and she opened them again to find the Red Queen sitting on the stone at her feet staring dismally at a little cloud of dust far down the road.

"Now see what you've done," said the Queen hopelessly. "You've spoiled it all. You've hurt his feelings and he'll never come back."

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

AN APOLOGY. With apologies to General Motors, we feel constrained to say that "when better hamburger sandwiches are made Barker will make them." Barker's Store.—*Adv. in the Haxtun (Colo.) Harvest.*

General Motors, do you accept?

CONJURE~

Sheep going over a stile—
Watch, and you'll sleep
In a little while.

Some to the pasture, some to the shearing,
Into the darkness disappearing.
Keep the count as their stub tails fly—
You'll be slumbering by and by.

Such was the spell of the conjure book;
But my hand fell slack on the shepherd's crook,
And dawn was a welter of angry gold
With no sheep locked in the shadowy fold.

For strange beasts shouldered the sheep aside,
Trampled the stile that was none too wide.

Oh, their hooves were sharp and their eyes were keen,
And their fleece as black as ever was seen!

Sheep going over a stile—
Watch, and you'll sleep
In a little while.

Some to the pasture, some to the shearing—
And some that a man might well be fearing!

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

WHAT A MEMORY!

WHEN I left New York the Waldorf-Astoria was a hotel, not a sentiment, and citizens were allowed to cross the street and Rothstein was alive and Elmer Rice was known as the author of "On Trial." The speakeasies between Fifth and Sixth Avenues had not been fluttered by the prospect of transformation into the new Metropolitan, Al Smith had a fighting chance, and all that was known of the Commissioner of Police was that his name was not Whalen. Herbert Bayard Swope was Executive Editor of the *World* and endorsements for cigarettes were written, not wired, to the palpitant public. Hoboken was a place where boats docked.

When I left New York the traffic towers on Fifth Avenue were considered permanent additions to the beauty of the city, the Plaza Theatre flourished, and there were several movie houses which served in silence; no one was quite certain whether Toscanini would come to conduct or not, and football was a subject of conversation. The police hadn't arrested any actors or stopped any plays and Jimmie Durante hadn't a night club in which he could throw his hat. If you were crafty you could escape hearing "Sonny Boy" on the radio. Ganna Walska was known as the champion non-appearing soprano of the world and not as the lady who gives receptions to the New York *American's* Flag Contest winners; most people lived happily in the illusion that "La Belle Ferronnière" was another name for "La Gioconda." The worst season in the history of the New York theatre was just beginning and no one had thought up ways of making it easier for millions of people to go to the plays from which they wanted to stay away.

You could still get a sandwich at Reuben's without fear of being spied by a celebrity and the *Telegram* hadn't made the classy distinction between hootch and poison, nor had the *Herald Tribune* scooped the other papers with Einstein's formula; Chester P. Mills had twenty-five thousand dollars less and W. C. Durant twenty-five thousand more than they have now, and America hadn't yet solved the liquor problem, Ruth Draper played only two or three nights instead of a season, and Phil Baker played against Sid Silvers. Roxy hadn't done the Ninth Symphony and only a handful of people were beginning to express doubts about modernistic furniture and Norman-Bel Geddes hadn't shaken the dust of the theatre from his feet. Argentina was the name of a country.

They were still tearing up parts of

"Apreel, Apreel, laugh your girlish laughter."

Park Avenue and when Jerome Kern wanted to spend a night at home he had his books and only the regular readers of one evening paper (I've forgotten which) knew who Ripley was—believe it or not. The dinner jacket was not looked upon as a stranger and quite a lot of people hadn't gone to Palm Beach. When people quarreled about Eugene O'Neill, the subject was "Strange Interlude," not "Dynamo." People still said "Don't be an Airedale" without incurring danger of death. Scotch ran from four-twenty-five to twelve dollars a bottle and the twelve-dollar kind was better.

When I left New York there were enormous holes at nearly all the corners of Fifth Avenue and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was not yet finished.

I left New York on October 31, 1928; and the great problem now is whether I can bear to think of all I missed or perhaps it is only, do I dare to go back? —GILBERT SELDES

PAGET, BERMUDA,
MARCH 20

• •

OF ALL THINGS

AS we understand the World Court situation, Elihu Root has devised a formula that will be accepted with pleasure by the entire human race and rejected by the United States Senate.

•

What ever became, we wonder, of Mr. Coolidge's plan to spend a couple of years whittling?

•

Society note: Eighth Avenue will return to the city next June after an extended vacation.

•

Up to the hour of going to press, the senior Senator from Alabama had issued no statement blaming the floods upon the Pope of Rome.

•

The boom of flashlights caused a scare in the Chicago courtroom when Scarface Capone came in. The people probably thought it was a flashlight.

•

No cigarette manufacturer had the enterprise to get an endorsement from Helen Terwilliger, who put the Chief Justice in his place. The horrible suspicion arises that Helen reaches for a sweet.

•

There are to be no oil leases under this administration. Individualism, it seems, can get a little too rugged to suit Mr. Hoover's taste.

•

Hundreds of old patrons of the Waldorf have written in asking for souvenirs. Probably the towels were lost by the laundry.

•

No doubt it was good for our national soul to lose those motor speed records. Nevertheless the gallant Englishman who took them away will ever be to us that ol' davil Segrave.

•

New York débutantes are in revolt against late parties because young businessmen won't stay till they're over. So many crabbed bosses do not allow junior executives to sleep at their desks.

• •

Whalen has been voted two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to buy high-powered cars, the kind that yeggs escape in. After this everybody will escape except innocent bystanders.

•

The President has acquired an estate near Frederick, Maryland, where he can fish and invite his soul. Newspaper photographers, we assume, will invite their own.

•

The upstaters have failed in their attempt to deprive us of daylight saving. This leaves New Yorkers free to get up according to the dictates of their own alarm clocks.

•

German spas ask the government to bar Trotzky from the country as his presence would tend to hurt tourist trade. A man who dies so frequently would be a poor ad for a health resort. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

The camera is the same as the perspective effect, he said. Improved photography, he says, is obtained through the relativity of the angles at which the images are registered on the sensitized surface of the film, being at progressive geometric angles at which the images are registered on the sensitized surface of the film, being at progressive geometric angles. —*The Times.*

Don't stop. We like it.

RESTORATION LOVE SONG

I love you more than life:
  How small a thing to say
When Atropos her knife
  Can never cut away
A stronger thread than clay
  Plaited of fear and grief!
Therefore, my lord, be gay;
  I love you more than life.

I love you more than death:
  How solemn a thing to swear!
When this dissolving breath
  Is heaviest to bear,
What blessed relief it were
  To loose the bonds of faith!
Therefore, my lord, beware;
  I love you more than death.

I love you more than these:
  Such doors are shut and slammed;
Somewhere beyond is peace,
  And sweets compact and crammed;
And bread is buttered and jammed;
  And wine has honey lees;
Therefore, my lord, be damned
  If I love you more than these!

—ELINOR WYLIE

• •

PASTIMES OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA

The Insanity Test

PROFILES

WINGS OVER AMERICA

EARLY in 1927, the du Ponts decided to enter aviation. When the news got abroad, almost every aeronautical manufacturer in the country rushed to Wilmington to obtain their support. The du Ponts, however, proved deliberate. When their decision was finally announced, there was a mild sensation, for they had rejected all well-known firms and taken over a new one-man organization, the Bellanca Aircraft Corporation. More astounding, they had acceded to the demands of Giuseppe Bellanca that he—and not the du Ponts—should have control of the proposed combination.

The spectacle of the small Italian defying the feudal lords of Delaware is inspiring. He appreciated their attention; from bitter experience, he knew what advantages lay in the financial support they could give him; but he stuck to his demands. Twice negotiations were called off, and both times Bellanca returned philosophically to his factory on Staten Island. The factory was an abandoned, weather-beaten shipyard, but work was proceeding there on orders enough to keep the place busy for months—and the orders had been taken with full payment in advance.

Bellanca was at length coming into his own. His plane, the Columbia, had successfully flown the Atlantic, and broken Lindbergh's long-distance record. The du Ponts made further overtures. When the final conference was over, Bellanca emerged as president of the new organization, with fifty-one per cent of the stock in his possession. The du Ponts, however, are scarcely accustomed to minor rôles —especially when they are providing impressive amounts of capital. Inevitably there occurred a clash of policies. Bellanca found a strong supporter in Otto Kahn, whose son Roger, having turned to aviation, was on the board of directors of the corporation. Kahn interested other bankers in the proposition, and a new issue of stock was subscribed in full before it was advertised. The du Pont interests were bought out and control remained, and still remains, in Bellanca's hands.

Bellanca's present situation is fairly astonishing to many of his friends who have always looked on him as an artist—a genius in his line—but a deplorable businessman. Ten years ago those friends called him Professor. That was a mark of respect, but it was also descriptive in quite the conventional comic-paper manner. Bellanca habitually forgot his necktie, and let his hair grow until the matter was called to his attention. Then he cut it himself. For the past three years, *Who's Who* has attempted to get a biographical note from the man. He keeps forgetting it. When Chamberlin landed the Columbia after his long hop to Germany, Bellanca dismissed the incident with a single sentence. "The flight," he said, "has not added anything of moment to the science of aviation."

Giuseppe Mario Bellanca

A large part of the time his mind is quite literally in the clouds. The design of an airplane is comparable to the design of a bridge, a ship, a motor car, but is ever so much more involved. Ordinary engineering problems are complicated by the necessity of construction that must be light in weight, and yet very strong. Any first-rate engineer could design a plane that would fly, but in all Bellanca planes there are certain characteristic departures from ordinary practice. If these are mentioned, Bellanca grins. They are the secrets of his success. Eventually they are taken up by other designers, but the process is astonishingly slow. Bellanca cannot understand it. "If they only knew," he says.

His cabin monoplanes, of which the old Columbia is a good example, display a certain feature which has been typical of his design for at least five years. Roughly, the Bellanca machines are built so that an end-to-end cross-section of the body would correspond with a cross-section of a normal airplane wing—that is, it is convex on top and flat underneath. This feature is of great importance, as it imparts a tremendous lift to the machine when in flight; indeed, at a sufficiently high speed, a plane of this type could conceivably fly without wings, on the lifting power of its body alone. Although the idea has been adopted recently by one or two other designers, the majority, to the astonishment of Bellanca, still use a construction that is precisely the reverse.

When water-cooled motors were used almost universally, Bellanca used air-cooled motors. His enthusiasm for them eventually led to a connection with the Wright Aeronautical Corporation. Bellanca was to design planes to exploit the air-cooled motors that Wright was introducing. Important purchasers of these motors were allowed the privilege of copying the Bellanca plane's design. The Ryan monoplane that Lindbergh used was produced in this way. Originally, Lindbergh wanted Bellanca's Columbia; but the Wright Corporation would not consider selling it, especially for so hazardous a project as the Paris flight. Lindbergh took what seemed the next best thing and carried it to glory. There is an irony in this that is typical of Bellanca's career.

AS a very small boy, he was fascinated by the phenomenon of the air. He was born, in 1886, in a Sicilian town called Sciacca. The town is on a hill that rises sharply from the sea. It was, Bellanca recalls, a perfect place for kites. The wind swept up the slopes and carried the kites aloft. Bellanca had endless opportunity for observing the action of air in motion. He said once, "I can *see* air."

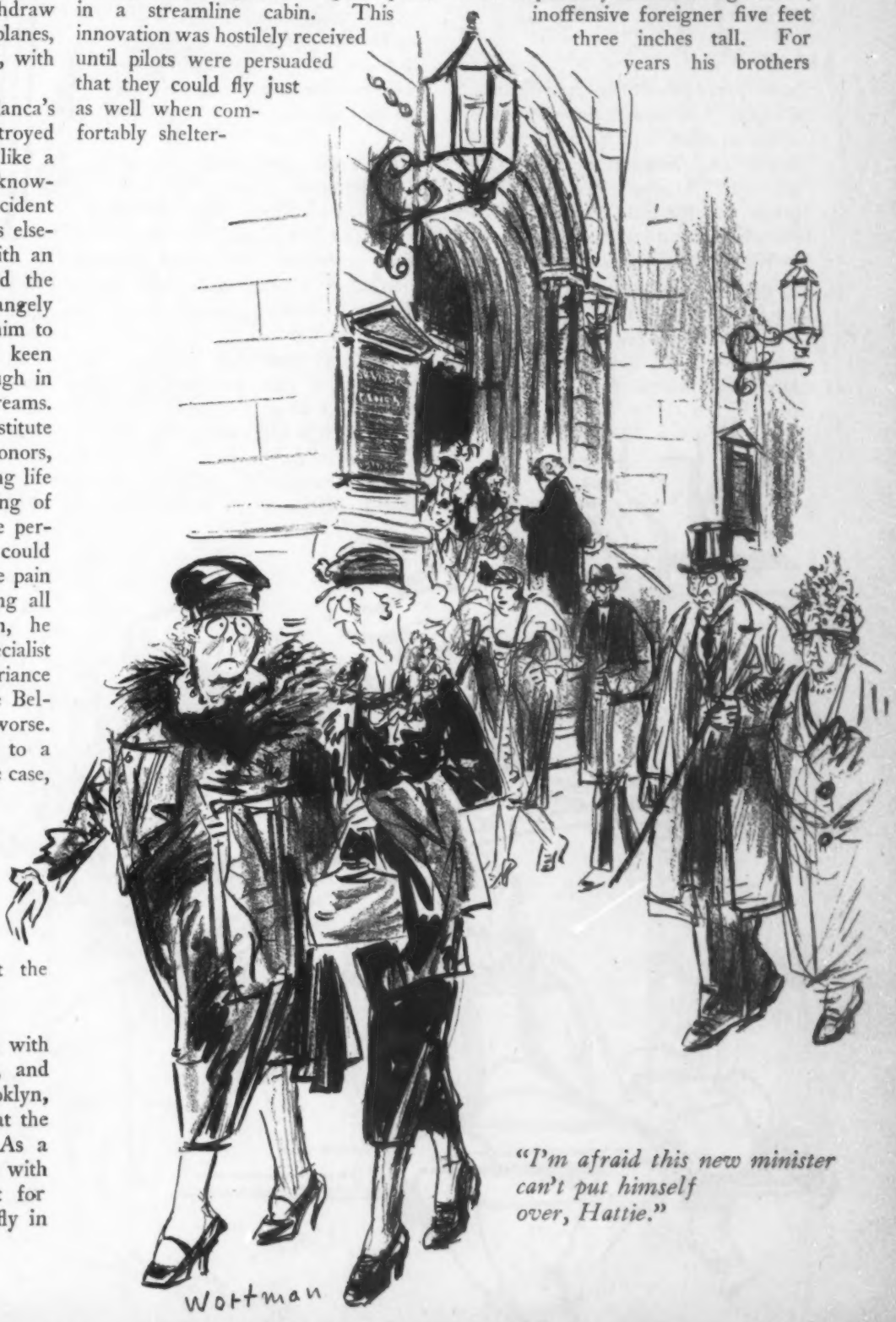
Near his home was a pottery and, in the course of his boyhood, he threw away, one by one, the countless fragments of porcelain heaped beside the kilns. He scaled the pieces against the wind, with the wind, at angles to the wind. The peasants kept out of range, and experiments went on until Bellanca got interested in marine propellers. Then came news of the Wrights' successes in America, and

Bellanca's thoughts went skyward. His decision to embrace aeronautics, however, did not become final until 1908, when Léon Delagrange made his record-breaking flight in France. "That," says Bellanca, "was the moment." A wealthy friend supplied funds for the building of a plane. He also supplied some very definite ideas as to following the Wright design, but Bellanca could not agree. The Wrights mounted their propeller behind the engine; Bellanca wanted it in front to get a clean bite into undisturbed air. The friend won out, at the time, by threatening to withdraw his funds, but today almost all planes, of whatever design, are tractors, with propellers in front.

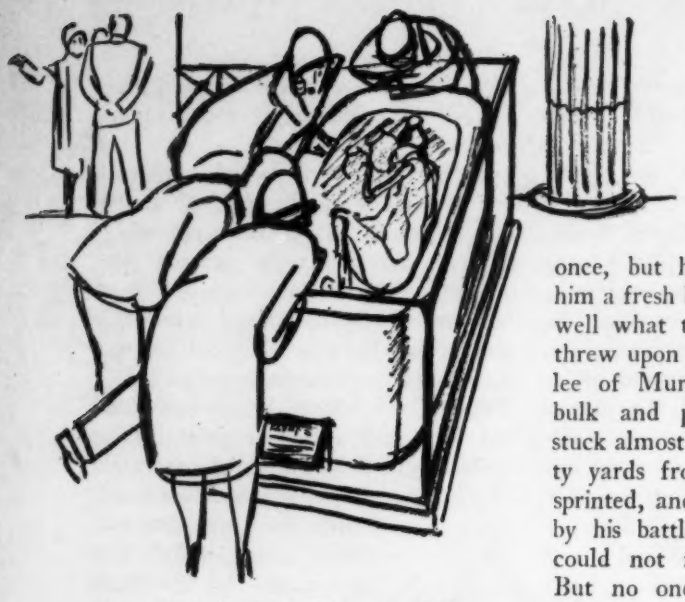
When this first plane of Bellanca's was finished he immediately destroyed it in a magnificent crash, for, like a true pioneer, he took off without knowing at all how to fly. The incident turned the rich friend's thoughts elsewhere and Bellanca was left with an impressive pile of wreckage and the beginnings of experience. Strangely enough, his family encouraged him to go on. They were people of keen intellect, thrifty, prosperous enough in a modest way, and capable of dreams. The boy was sent to the Royal Institute of Milan, was graduated with honors, and found himself suddenly facing life oppressed from too much reading of Schopenhauer. By some strange perversity of his imagination he could produce at will almost intolerable pain in any part of his body. Lacking all faith in the medical profession, he nevertheless visited every specialist from Milan to Messina. The variance of their diagnoses did not relieve Bellanca's skepticism. He got worse. Chance at length brought him to a pioneer in psychic disorders. The case, it appeared, was elemental. At school Bellanca had specialized in efficiency engineering, but in his subconscious there stirred the romantic wish to fly. There was the remedy! Half-heartedly Bellanca argued against flying as a career, but the doctor overruled him.

IN 1911 he came to America with his parents, his six brothers, and his sister. They settled in Brooklyn, and Bellanca spent all his time at the flying fields on Long Island. As a foreigner, especially a foreigner with queer ideas, he was the target for ridicule. He taught himself to fly in a plane he built in the cellar in Brooklyn. Dire prophecies greeted its first appearance on the field. It was a parasol monoplane; the wing was mounted above the pilot's head. It was powered by an air-cooled motor, and stupendous efforts had been made to eliminate all structural resistance. It had only one fault: it was too far ahead of its time. Ten years later, Bellanca brought the idea out of seclusion. Again he used the parasol idea and the air-cooled motor. He further eliminated resistance by enclosing everything, including the pilot, in a streamline cabin. This innovation was hostilely received until pilots were persuaded that they could fly just as well when comfortably sheltered. Once the idea was accepted there ensued an epidemic of cabin monoplanes.

Bellanca's father helped him with the woodwork on the original model, and his mother sewed the linen wing-fabric—doubtless with prayers and misgivings. Bellanca adored her. Neither of the parents lived to see their son acclaimed; what they did see was a series of frustrations worthy of Job. Bellanca did not relish his continued bad luck, but a certain grim humor enabled him to appreciate the spectacle of life repeatedly manhandling a small, inoffensive foreigner five feet three inches tall. For years his brothers



"I'm afraid this new minister can't put himself over, Hattie."



have joked about his resemblance to Chaplin. Actually the resemblance is not marked, and it may be that the family recognized it as being largely spiritual. At any rate it was appropriate that the little man should occasionally have his turn.

When Bellanca was conducting a flying school on Long Island one of the pupils was Mile-a-Minute Murphy, a former New York bicycle cop with a reputation for speed. He and Bellanca commuted daily to Mineola, where they kept their bicycles in the station. One morning Murphy proposed a race to the field. He sprinted and went into the lead at once, but he had quartering against him a fresh breeze, and Bellanca knew well what tremendous resistance that threw upon his rival. Sheltered in the lee of Murphy's two-hundred-pound bulk and pedalling easily, Bellanca stuck almost alongside until he was fifty yards from the finish. Then he sprinted, and Murphy, worn out by his battle against the wind, could not meet the challenge. But no one at the field ever believed Bellanca had beaten the champion.

BELLANCA got used to such skepticism. In 1917 the War and Navy departments looked on him as only one more crazy inventor. What he proposed then as a fighting plane was so far ahead of existing practice that the authorities have not yet come to a proper appreciation of his idea. Bellanca hated war, but since it existed he had set about the design of something that would sweep the skies.

After the war he had a better chance to demonstrate his abilities. In the annual National Air Races he swept the efficiency contests, winning every one he entered. At the last meet in 1928, in Los Angeles, his planes took both the efficiency trophies, and after the meet one of the ships set a new American endurance record.

Byrd expressly specified a Bellanca ship for the Antarctic trip; Henry Ford donated one of his own machines for the expedition, but Byrd bought the Bellanca. At the Sesqui meet in Philadelphia the Bellanca won with a total of points fifty per cent greater than its nearest competitor. Henry B. du Pont, later a director of the du Pont-Bellanca Aircraft Corporation, piloted one of the unsuccessful entries in that race and had ample reason for noting the Bellanca's superiority.

TODAY Bellanca holds forth in a brand new factory in New Castle just outside of Wilmington, the president of a successful company, capitalized at two million dollars. The sudden turn of events has aroused in him a somewhat sardonic amusement, but otherwise he is the same patient, courteous, and seemingly naïve fellow; the same genial murderer of the English language. He goes his quiet way taking things "vit philosophy," and continuing to give his life to his work.

He has no hobbies. Once in an idle moment he designed a machine for drying macaroni and gave brief thought to putting it on the market, but he thrust temptation aside and stuck to his planes. Now, after a hard day at design, he relaxes in the evening by continuing the same work. He insists on eight hours' sleep,

for during that time his subconscious seems extraordinarily alert and he frequently delegates to it some particularly troublesome problem. On waking he finds almost always that the solution is clear. He avers that he is indifferent to food and eats only to keep up his efficiency, but he has been known to devote almost as much time to the preparation of spaghetti as to the sketch of an aerofoil.

He is a naturalized citizen and in 1924 married an American girl, Dorothy Brown, whom he met at a flying meet in Omaha. They have one child, a boy, two years old. Mrs. Bellanca studied art abroad, and once when her husband was laid low by influenza she draughted a complete set of wing curves from his notes and sketches and turned out an excellent job.

Bellanca spends the day directing manufacture in his new factory, observing an occasional flight test, going resignedly into conference. Somehow he finds time to design new ships, a truly colossal task. Until recently he was not able to afford any laboratory equipment for research, but he did not seem to need any. He always neglected to ask patents on any original devices, and, profligate with ideas, he appeared flattered when the better-known designers incorporated elements

of his designs in their latest products. Recently, however, he has begun protecting his ideas.

HE is very proud of the record of safe flying his ships have made. Charlie Levine did his best to kill himself in the Columbia, but found it impossible; the ship always got him safely to the ground. When the Aero Show was held in Detroit last year the Bellanca exhibition ship was wrecked—its motor cut out at low altitude and the pilot had to choose between landing in a crowded street or a sand pit. He chose the pit and the ship turned over. No one was badly hurt, but it was feared the accident might disturb sales. An inspector of the Department of Commerce officially viewed the wreck and said he would like to have the fuselage, or body, sent to Washington as an example of perfect construction. The news got abroad, and sales of Bellanca ships at the Aero Show were so far from being depressed that, within two days, orders were booked for fourteen planes.

—WILLIAM WEIMAR

•

THE SHOW-OFF

"NOW listen, Henry, you can't do a thing like that. After all, the lodge promised him a present."

"The lodge din promise him no present. The lodge promised if the member who sold th' most tickets should get a present—that's what the lodge promised."

"Well, what am I sayin'? I'm simply sayin' that th' lodge made a motion which was dooly seconded that th' member who sells the most tickets was to get a present. And Moe sold th' most tickets. Now you can't deny that, can you?"

"I'm not denyin' nothin'. All I'm sayin' is that when the motion was made and seconded Moe got up and he says, 'I promise this here lodge that I personally will be responsible for a hunard and fifty tickets.' Now din he?"

"Yeah, but—"

"Showin' off, thass what he was doin'. Like at th' ball the lodge gave at Pomm Godden? Evveybody came in tuck and Moe

had to come in a full-dress suit. Talk about showin' off. And the funny part about it was that he wasn't even an officer."

"Well, he was in charge of th' reception committee. I guess that's why. Say, you gotta give the devil his due. You always takin' away credit fem Moe. Fa crissakes, you'd think he din have the welfare of th' lodge at heart."

"Sure he has the welfare of th' lodge at heart. Ain't all of us got the welfare of th' lodge at heart? That's not sayin' much, b'lieve me. All I'm sayin' is that Moe shows off too much without doin' nothin'. Action, you know, always talks louder 'n words, is what I always say."

"ACTION, huh? He sold th' most tickets to th' ball. And that's why I think that he deserves to win the cigarette-holder. Just read the minutes of th' lodge and you'll see that it's down black 'n white that the guy who sells the most tickets gets a present accordin' to a motion made and dooly seconded."

"I'll betchoo five bucks that th' minutes also says that Moe Bender got up and made a pledge to be responsible for a hunard and fifty tickets personally. And all he sold was a hunard and five. Strictly speakin' I s'pose he wins the cigarette-holder. But just for th' fun of it, I'd like to make a motion not to let him have it just because he shows off so much. It'd teach him a lesson."

"All I'm sayin' is that right is right. Strictly speakin' he deserves the cigarette-holder and he should get it. Next time he won't make no promises, b'lieve me. Say, you must have it in fem Moe."

"In fem Moe? B'lieve me I got it in fem Moe. He's a big show-off, that's what he is. Y'know what he tells me th' other day? He tells me that his commissions alone for th' last six months amounts to an average of a hunard bucks a week."

"A hunard bucks a week! He's a damn liar. I'll betchoo he don't make no semney bucks a week. Say, his head salesman in his place don't make that money. Geez, I got a good mind to teach him a lesson. I got a good mind to see he don't get th' cigarette-holder after all."

"Now ain't that what I been sayin' all along? At the next meetin' I'm goin' to make a motion that because he din keep to his pledge dooly recorded in th' minutes, that he don't deserve no present thereby. And you second my motion."

"You bet I'll second your motion. A hunard bucks a week. He's lucky if he gets even semney bucks a week. The big show-off."—ARTHUR KOBER

•

"Hello, I've got a Mr. Wennik down here; have you got a Mr. Weisblum up there?"

We have some good news for you. With the January issue the circulation of *People's Popular Monthly* passed the 1,300,000 mark. We believe that within another year it will reach one million and a half.—*People's Popular Monthly.*

Will you tell us, the minute it does?

•

WHEN SPRING WAS LATE

Because the spring was late that year,
And nothing mattered much,
We linked our hands in sarabands
And let our sorrows touch.

All through the chilly nights we danced,
And there was comfort so.
But when the spring came on at last,
We let each other go.

We let each other go, and went
Our unremembering ways.
And what had been was covered up
By warm and happy days.

—SCUDDER MIDDLETON

THE THEATRE

THE WAR, A WILD CLUCK, AND THE FRENCH

RENDERED practically incapable of criticism by my excitement at any play which has in it some khaki and the sound of a machine-gun reproduced from the wings, I find myself what is flatteringly called speechless at "Journey's End," by R. C. Sherriff, which has arrived at Henry Miller's Theatre from London. For "Journey's End" is not only about the war but is a singularly beautiful play.

The war it reveals is a gentleman's war in contradistinction to the profane scrap of "What Price Glory." It is war seen from the dugout of British officers, most of them public-school men. There's hardly a "damn" in the play, not a woman, and only a faint hint of an offstage love story. This sounds dull, but curiously enough its spectacle of nerves and self-control, and drunkenness and magnificence, all phrased in the quiet language which becomes public-school men, tears one apart more thoroughly, if anything, than did the Homeric roar of "What Price Glory."

The most acid thing I can think to say about "Journey's End" is that at times one feels it might with justice have been called "Tom Brown in the Trenches," by An Old Boy. For American consumption, perhaps such things as young Lieutenant Raleigh's enthusiasm on learning that Lieutenant Osborne played football for England should be muted. There are, however, worse things a play could be like than "Tom Brown." Mr. Sherriff could make one remark in favor of his characters' admiration of pluck, and tenacity of manners, and general understatement of any difficulty they are called upon to meet. He could say, "But that's the way we are at our best," and I should be inclined to believe him. An astounding race, and "Journey's End" deserves a place in its permanent annals.

There is so little story that it is difficult to summarize it. Captain Stanhope is a youngster who's been on the front line for over three years and fallen into habits of drunkenness which seem horrible to his brother officers and to himself, though to eyes grown accustomed to post-Volstead standards their manifestations appear rather mild. The brother of the girl he was in love with before he came to war is assigned to his company, to his humiliation. The boy and Stanhope's best friend are detailed by orders from Stanhope's superior to go on what promises to be a fatal mission. Stanhope's friend is killed, but the boy returns, only to be killed the next day. Stanhope's death is indicated at the final curtain. It is as plotless and unreasonable as a casualty list, and as moving.

The casting and direction seemed to me just about perfect. Colin Keith-Johnson, as Stanhope, and Leon Quartermaine, as Osborne, merit particular praise.

STEERING her firm course through the neurotic heroines of Ibsen, Blanche Yurka has docked at "The Lady from the Sea."

Almost everyone has read "The Lady from the Sea" and—the protec-

"What do you say we give that feller 'Thrills and Chills'?"

tive mechanism of the mind being what it is—forgotten about it. The result is that one goes hoping it isn't so bad after all. Therefore it is, perhaps, my duty to call the facts to mind.

"The Lady from the Sea" is the one about Ellida, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, who formed an attachment for a mysterious seafaring stranger who took a ring of hers, joined it to his, and, throwing the rings into the ocean, proclaimed the ceremony their marriage to the sea. Thereafter he disappeared, swearing to return for her.

Instead of waiting for him, Ellida has made a marriage of convenience with a physician who has two daughters by a first wife; but she goes fey on him, spending her time, when out of the water, in contemplation of the sea. She learns in the first act that her romantic lover has read of her marriage and sworn revenge, and then been drowned. This spooks her half out of her wits.

She begins thinking that the eyes of her baby are like his eyes, and getting more and more marine. Then her romantic lover turns up, never having been drowned, says she must go away with him, and gives her twenty-four hours to get ready.

The last act takes place just before the expiration of the twenty-four hours, when Ellida is working up a splendid neurosis based on the fact that her husband has kept her from lure and adventure. Her husband has the big idea of saying: "Go if you want to; the responsibility is yours." That spoils the neurosis for Ellida and she stays on quite contentedly.

It's a pretty dreary play representing Ibsen at his symbolical worst. Only Hilda, one of the step-daughters, who is going through a phase of youthful morbidity, is done in his best vein, and she is an entirely minor character.

The production at the Bijou is good-looking, and the performances are competent and slightly consecrated. Linda Watkins, as Bolette, is the most happily cast.

THE Modern French Musical Comedy Company, which came to Jolson's for a fortnight and is loitering on, is a blessing to Francophiles, it is so authentic a bit of Paris.

The plays they give are average French musical comedies with a small inexpert chorus, that dances with that somewhat exhausted effort to seem exuberant so typical of French choruses. The settings suggest days before the war, and I doubt if Ziegfeld will offer any of the ladies contracts before their departure, but there is a certain Gallic gaiety about proceedings which would enchant the Francophiles even if the bare sound of the language spoken weren't enough to make them happy.

Moreover, there are Monsieur Servatius, and Monsieur Fadeuilhe, both excellent comedians in the grand tradition.

Incidentally, it's rather nice to see this sort of thing without stifling to death as one is apt to do in its native haunts. —CHARLES BRACKETT

"Here y'are, sir! Soft harmonious colors, balloon tires and real tu-tone slip covers—and I don't smoke, either."

•

SHE IS NOT SATISFIED

Cellini found a dolphin, once,
In a ploughed Tuscan field.
It was cut from a great emerald
Like a green wave congealed:

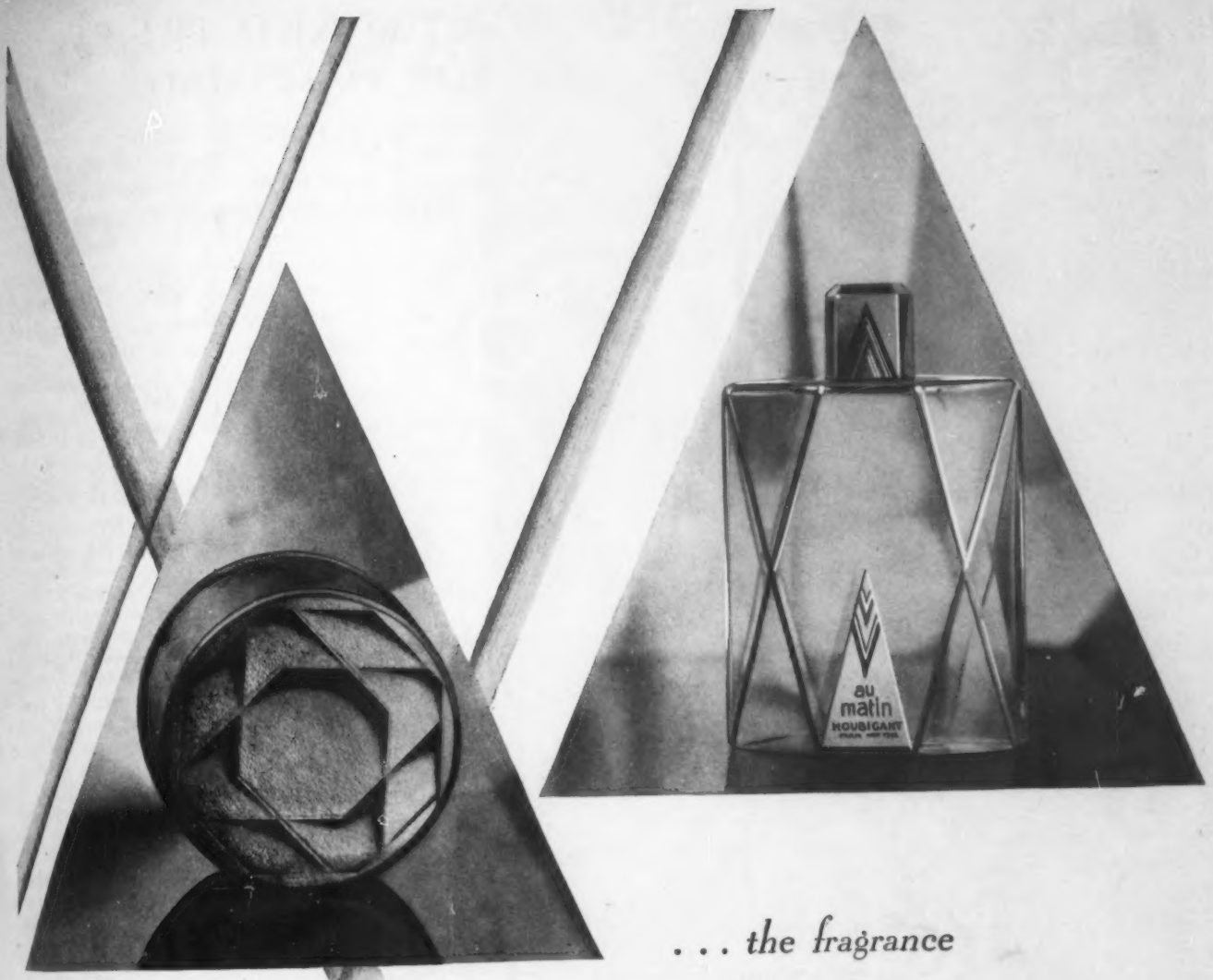
And ever since I heard of it,
Your ring of sallow gold,
Your diamond, have seemed to me
A tale too often told:

The kind of ring you could have given
To any other girl.
A dolphin emerald or at least
A sea-remembering pearl

Set in a silver curl of foam
Cellini might have made,
I want instead: some subtle thing
To puzzle me and persuade . . .
Symbol of masquerade . . .

That challenges yet does not know:
Loves me and does not tell me so.

—GENOVA CHARLOT



. . . the fragrance

of a new day . . . keeps dual tryst

in a parfum and poudre that

are the triumphs of modernity,

and Houbigant's most favoured

creations in critical Paris.

au
matin

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE RUSH OF WORLD EVENTS

ALTHOUGH neither the Mexican Revolution (as of March 4) nor the inauguration of President Hoover could either one be called strictly a "news" story, they both broke on the same day, thereby confronting the editors with the age-old problem of dividing the front page into two big space-fillers. Most of them handled it very neatly by making it a fifty-fifty deal, with President Hoover getting preferred position in the right-hand columns and the Mexicans getting most of the readers. Some of those who began reading about the Mexican Revolution kept it up for as long as a week.

The papers have done everything that could be expected with the uprising, telling when the rebels drove the federals out and when the federals drove the rebels out and, once in a while, when the rebels drove the rebels out, but somehow it doesn't seem to catch on as a story. That part of the public which has investments in Mexico displayed a slight interest in the opening scenes of the opera, but it didn't take long for that to die down and now the papers could print the same story day after day and no one would know the difference. The most interesting way of handling a routine matter like this would be to do as the *Herald Tribune* did on March 17, and print, in its rotogravure section, the best photographs that were available on the subject. People like to look at pictures, even of fighting Mexicans.

THE rival story to the revolution, that of President Hoover's induction into office, was practically a dead story before it was born. It has got no better since. From now on we look for some of the dullest copy that has come out of Washington since the last Administration.

As an example we are tempted to quote at considerable length from a story in the *Times* of March 20 which is as horrendous an example of space-filling as we ever remember having seen. It is from the *Times'* Washington Bureau, and takes up a whole column on the first page, headed "HOOVER WILL AVOID SPECTACULAR STEPS TO ENFORCE THE LAW." If you will read it very carefully and will put on your thinking-cap as you read, you will see that in the entire story there are but two statements: (1) that the Administration is not going in for spectacular methods of law enforcement, (2) that it hopes to bring about reform through public sentiment. These two statements are repeated eight times in as many paragraphs, with very slight change in wording. It will be worth your time (unless your time is worth something) to read the following:

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The administration's program for law enforcement and the improvement of Federal judicial machinery and procedure will not be carried out in any spectacular fashion, it became known today. The administration hopes to create a public sentiment favorable to the enforcement of all laws and to the substantial, permanent advancement of the country, and to bring about public realization of the necessity of enforcing the laws as they are in the statute books.

No drastic or sensational steps are to be taken by the administration to impress the people with the abuses of prohibition enforcement. The administration hopes to obtain law enforcement by proceeding sanely through judicial reforms

"One other thing: keep that man of yours out o' my territory!"

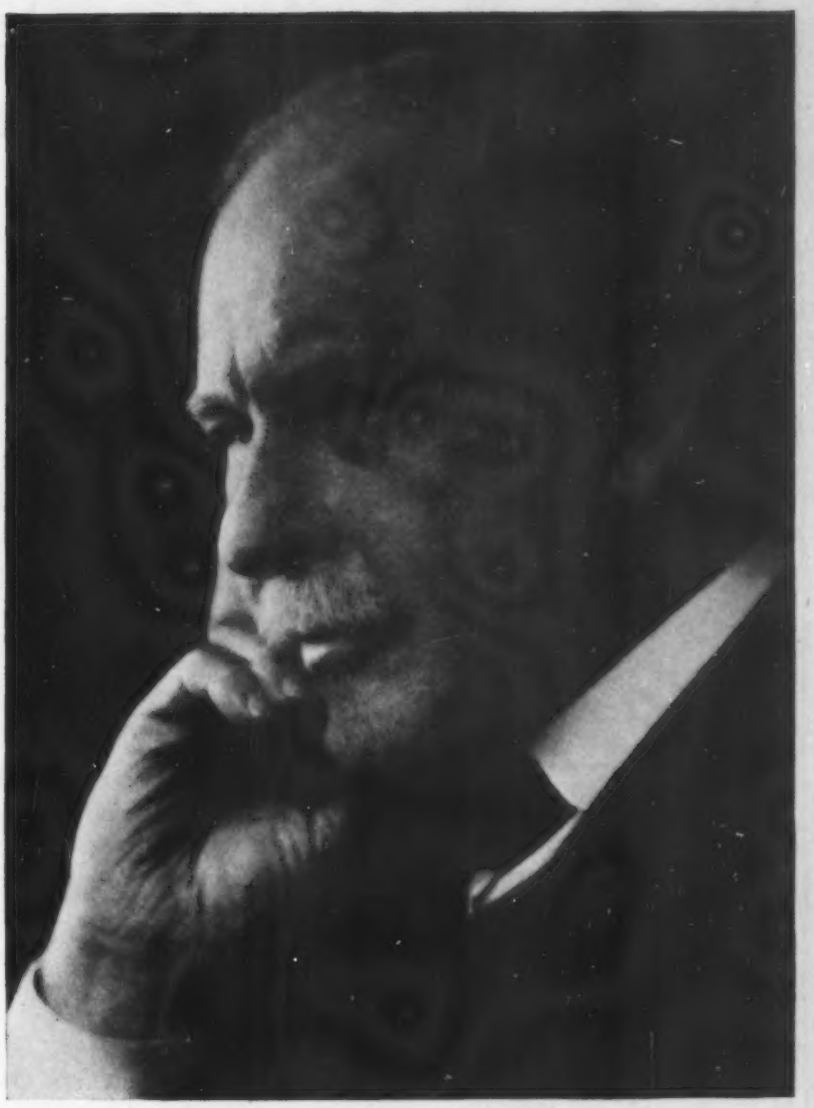
"I have recommended Yeast for 40 years"—

Dean H. H. RUSBY, *M.D.*

Professor of Physiology in America's largest university

PROFESSOR of Physiology and Materia Medica and Dean of the Faculty in the College of Pharmacy, Columbia University. Formerly Professor of Materia Medica, University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, and expert on medicines for U. S. government.

***"The laxative action of yeast is mild but reliable . . . Yeast cleanses the system. In continued small doses it is often of service in overcoming habitual constipation. Its effect is to promote both appetite and digestion . . . For 40 years I have lectured to students on the value of yeast."*—Abstract from text book on "Materia Medica" by Dr. H. H. Rusby.**



DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental. Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

For 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, he has been teaching and expounding the value of yeast as a natural food-corrective for constipation. And in corroboration, a recent survey in the United States showed that half the doctors reporting prescribed fresh yeast as the great corrective food for clogged intestines and related ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily, they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

Headaches, colds, sore throats, indigestion, nervousness, bad skin and bad breath are sure signs of constipation and run down vitality.

For renewed health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. Y-94, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of ills start, as intestinal poisons flood the system! But here yeast works, keeping this entire tract clean, active and healthy.

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Carr Kitson, our style scout, reports the vogue for the pink shirt

VERY BECOMING WHEN WORN WITH A GREY SUIT

"THE pink shirt is destined for great popularity this spring," says Carr Kitson. "It is particularly smart when worn with a grey suit and dark green or black-and-white cravat."

Prominent clubmen and Wall Street brokers have already started the pink shirt towards national acceptance.

We had the Manhattan Shirt Company make these pink shirts for us:

Solid pink Chambray with collar attached $2.50 *... End-and-end madras pink pin-stripe with two laundered collars to match* $3.15

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NEW YORK

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JAMAICA, L. I.

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The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

and by instilling in the people respect for laws which in many parts of the country are disregarded. . . .

Public Support Chief Aim

The spirit of the administration is to educate the people to the necessity for respect for all law, to win their support by advocating measures which would gradually remove, through orderly processes and not sensational drives, abuses in prohibition enforcement and disregard for other laws. It is hoped to substitute in the minds of the people regard for law enforcement in place of the indifference now existing. . . .

To Apply Business Methods

The administration hopes to get the best and the majority opinion behind the laws and this will be sought by education, not by drives and raids.

And so it goes on, for five more paragraphs, each one saying the same thing in the same way until the end of the column is reached and the reader can turn breathless to page nine to find out just exactly what the Administration's law-enforcement policy is going to be. Copy-desks weren't like that in the old days.

It is a pleasure to be able to look at the adjoining column of the *Times* in the same issue and to be able to report that at last Mr. Russell Owen has found something worthy of his literary talents to send back from the Byrd Expedition. His story of the rescue of Gould, Balchen and June from the snow-bound mountains was worth waiting through all the recent Rover Boys Afloat for. It is true, it still smacks of Ralph Henry Barbour in style, but it is a Ralph Henry Barbour

• •

PACKARD

Packard has pioneered as boldly in modern industry as earlier Americans in opening a western empire to progress

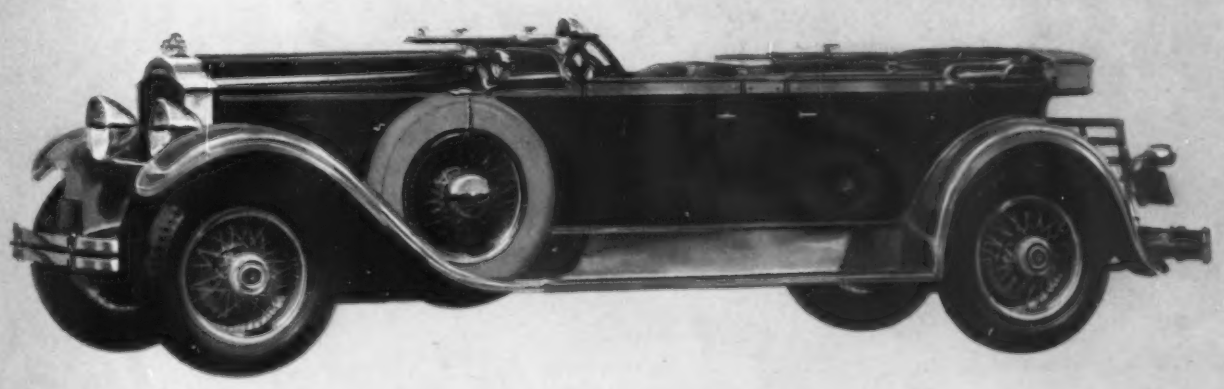
Packard has ever looked beyond the boundaries of accepted practice to new horizons. A policy of pioneering research, established thirty years ago, has guided not only designing engineers, but those charged with the development of Packard manufacturing methods.

Packard technicians have provided the specialized tools and machines, the new steels and the advanced processes for fabricating materials, which translate the original creative engineering into practical usefulness.

Packard engineers have refined and improved the famous straight-eight motor, with its nine-bearing crankshaft. They have perfected the new and unique Packard Shock Absorbing System. And Packard designers have enriched the fundamental beauty and distinction of Packard bodies.

The latest refinements and improvements which have added to Packard's supremacy in the fine car field are the natural result of a spirit never satisfied and an intent ever to excel.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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SILK STOCKINGS

FIVE GLORIOUS SHADES
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LIGHT
MEDIUM
DARK
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ONE DOLLAR
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how to use it for greatest beauty — a booklet illustrated by
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Ask the man who owns ONE

story he has to tell and, if anyone began it without turning to page two and finishing it, his train must have pulled into the Grand Central before he had time to. It was worth putting your paper in your pocket to finish reading later in the day.

AND, while we are on the subject of good reporting, we would like to commend Mr. Courtenay Terrett's story of the Newark airplane crash in the *Telegram* of March 18. It begins a little as if Mr. Terrett were out for a writing prize rather than a reporting one, but by the third paragraph it develops into a comprehensive account of just what happened, with several additional facts which the other papers didn't get, and adds another to Mr. Terrett's already long list of well-written news-stories which deserve the gold star for today.

"ONCE bitten, twice bitten" seems to be the motto of the *World* in the matter of Siamese twins. It wasn't so long ago that the New York papers were stood on their heads by a press-agent for some Siamese twins who were supposed to be half-dying or half-marrying or something, and who later turned up at the Hippodrome in perfect condition and with a full scrap-book. On March 9, we find the *World* tripping and falling in its haste to print a peach of a story about Mary and Margaret Gibb who went to get a marriage license together because Margaret wanted to marry Daniel Josefe. It is true, the writer of the story covered himself throughout by seeming to detect publicity (and, as a matter of fact, handled it very amusingly) but the fact remains that Mary and Margaret got their pictures (or picture) into the *World* and appeared the following week in a Jamaica vaudeville house. If the *World* had to run the story it was wise to get a reporter with a sense of humor to do it, but after all—

THE *Telegram*, pursuing its policy of printing all the news that *Farm and Fireside* can't use, reached top on March 13 in a story about Little Four-Year-Old Patsy Fields who couldn't get into "Show Boat." It seems that little Patsy is the daughter of an Oklahoma newspaper publisher, but, in spite of that, the doorman at the Ziegfeld Theatre wouldn't let her in because she was too small. This so enraged Mr. and Mrs. Fields that they let Patsy give an interview to Earl

NO LONGER IS THE NOBLE BROW HIDDEN
HATS FROM $25.

Joseph

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at FIFTH AVENUE
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DELIGHTFUL ALONE...BLENDS WITH FRIENDS

"Do you recommend this stock?"
"Certainly—with Clicquot *SEC*."

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Aged 6 months

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"N"

brings a new epoch into perfume

Once every dozen or fifteen years a really new perfume appears . . . a fragrance as exciting to its creator as to those who sense it . . . blended by theory but transformed by art . . . setting the tone for a whole new generation of scents.

Such is "N" . . . Lucien Lelong's new perfume, now presented for the first time in America. An inscrutable fragrance . . . eloquent . . . compelling . . .

Inquire for "N" and the other Lucien Lelong perfumes and beauty aids at smarter shops and department stores.

PARFUM
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS

Sparling and pose for a sketch, the whole thing covering four columns at the top of the *Telegram's* What-Not Section and making corking reading. It was no surprise to learn that Little Patsy was the first one to shake hands with Mrs. Hoover at the public reception. We can hardly wait for her to grow up. Maybe we won't.

—Guy Fawkes

•

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

Ebenezer Winterfleece
Leaned against the mantelpiece
  And lit a cigarette.
  The samovar was set,
But no one poured the tea—
Yet through the candles he could see,
Between the candles flutteringly,
  Eager ladies frailly pass
  Nebulous as isinglass.
Ebenezer Winterfleece
Stroked the marble mantelpiece
  And with a rather nice alarm
  Recalled a certain person's arm.
Six candles glimmered in a row
Before a faint intaglio,
Beneath a wistful cameo
  That wasn't hanging straight.
  Someone passed a plate
Of golden macaroons—
Heaps of wrinkled moons
Matched with silver spoons.
  Every person he could see
  Blistered with gentility
  And hid behind a cup of tea.
Ebenezer Winterfleece
Posed before the mantelpiece;
Saw the architectured crease
  In his trousers and his coat.
  Tenderly he cleared his throat
And arched his brows at heaven.
Dinner was at seven—
  It seemed a year or two—
  The music tasted blue.
She played with such ethereal care,
As if her harp were made of air,
As if it really wasn't there—
  While in the room the gentlemen
  Were languorous for oxygen.
Ebenezer Winterfleece
Wondered if the mantelpiece
Came from Italy or Greece.
  But it was getting late,
  So stooping by the grate
He tossed his light away—
There was no need to stay.
  But from the door he still could see,
  Between the candles flutteringly,
Eager ladies frailly pass
Nebulous as isinglass.

—Herbert Gerhard Bruncken

as Alice confided to the Mad Hatter, she had been a little afraid to meet the Duchess

"You went over *unbelievably* well," the Mad Hatter told her as they left his mother's box.

"And *that* doesn't sound so very polite," Alice objected. After all, a youth who has just gone into top-hats needn't think it such a compliment that his snooty family approved of her—

"But the Duchess is *terribly* critical of girls I like," the Hatter put in hastily. "And she said she had seldom seen *anybody* with such charming manners and such beautiful *skin* as you have."

Alice thawed at once. "I suppose my complexion is rather nice now," she admitted. "Because I'm using Lux Toilet Soap★, the way Luella Gear and the other famous actresses do."

"And the moral of *that* is," said the Hatter, "that I'd better begin using it, too. And then perhaps you won't *mind* holding my hand once in a while" . . .

LUELLA GEAR *delighted New Yorkers with her droll humor and songs in* Elsie, Queen High, *and* Poppy. *During the past season her gay song* Oh How Happy We'll Be *was one of the highlights of that rollicking musical comedy* Ups-A-Daisy.

She is a singing comedienne of rare individuality, and is always charming to look at, both off the stage and on.

She says: "In her heart of hearts every woman knows that an exquisite skin makes her more attractive than anything else. On the stage one must be especially careful of one's skin. I always use Lux Toilet Soap for mine because this dainty soap leaves it so satin-smooth and soft."

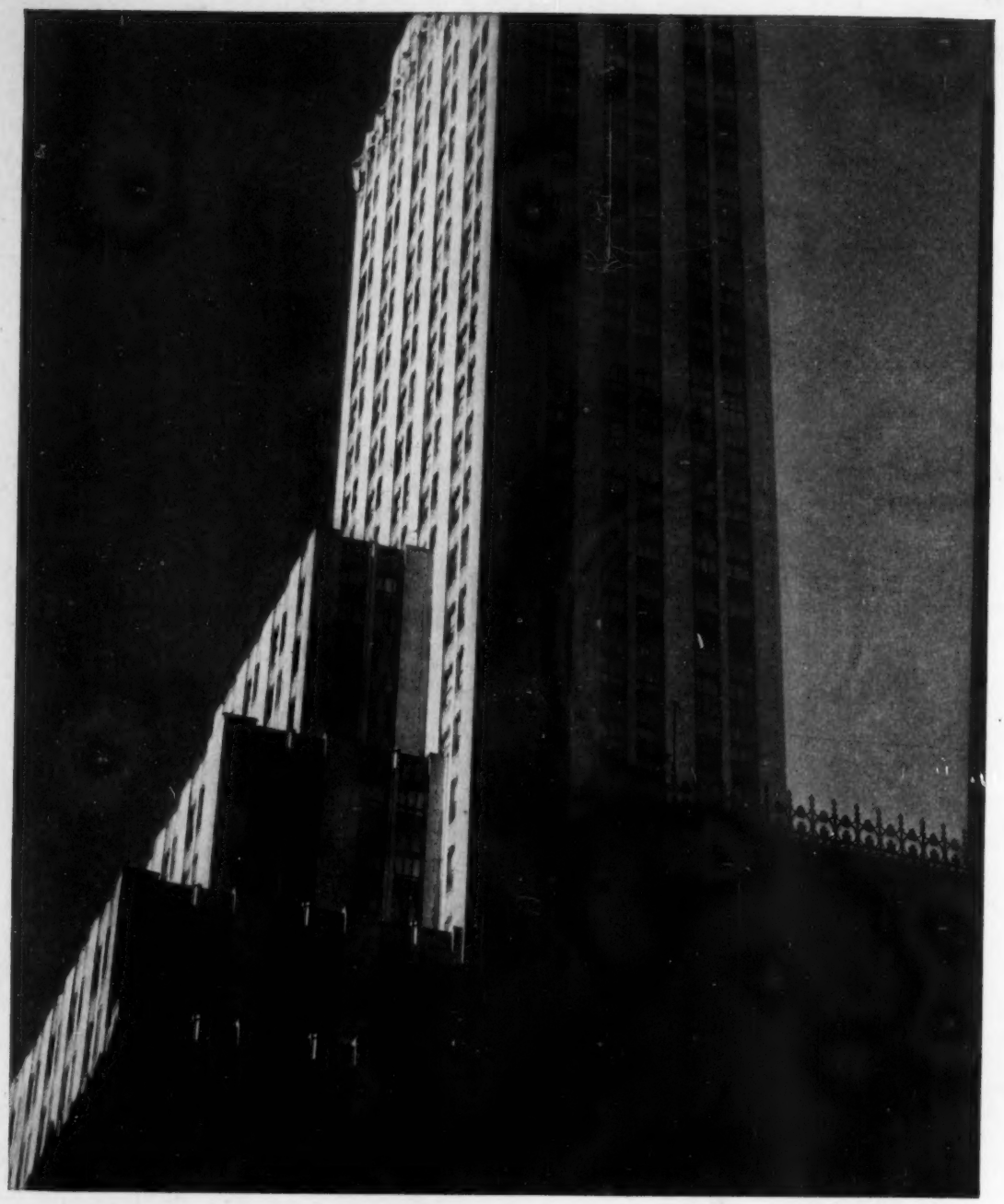
★ Lux Toilet Soap finds such universal favor among actresses because it keeps the skin so very smooth and soft.

Because the actresses are so enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant, white soap, leading theaters throughout the country have placed it in their dressing rooms.

In New York alone, 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters have done this, and in Hollywood, because 9 out of 10 screen stars are devoted to it, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms.

Are *you* using Lux Toilet Soap? You'll be charmed with the way it keeps the skin lovely. And it gives such generous, caressing lather!

Buy several cakes—today. Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.



ANTON BRUEHL

The best "modern" work of our period is essentially simple. Architects discovered that truth first — their soaring battlements of unadorned limestone or brick strike quickly to the heart of the age. • The gentlemen who design Town Series Suits, working on a much smaller scale and in the more flexible medium of woven materials, achieve a considerable distinction through similar ideals. • Clothes, as they see it, should be spare, trim and devoid of affectations. Shoulders wide and square, jacket moulding the natural contours of the back, chest and waist. Town Series Suits, in the best British and American woolens, are $55, $65 and $75.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ON TAXI DRIVERS

I AM engaged at present on a monumental work which will give the history of the New York taxicab up to and including 1930. It will take up many problems, such as why the most rheumatic cabs invariably throng the curbs outside the best hotels, and will examine the morbid passion of the drivers for weaving in and out of elevated pillars. Then it will assemble all the best recipes for dissuading the tumultuous creatures from driving at a pace faster than the shattered fare can endure. I may add that these recipes will be compiled by a nervous wreck, who feels that nothing is so certain as death and taxis.

Above all, it will inquire into the reasons for the flashing individualism which, in an age of robots, makes the taxi driver as vivid and striking as a scarlet tanager in a thicket of spruces. Long ago I wrote an essay entitled "The Paris Taxi Driver Considered as an Artist." Therein I told, among other anecdotes, the story of the sneering cab which cruised the rain-swept streets one night when most of the Paris taxis were on strike. Its malicious driver would swoop up to the curb, ask a frantically signalling citizen where he wanted to go, and then drive laughingly on without him. But when one young couple, huddled pathetically under an umbrella, told him that they had hoped to go to the opera, he suddenly forgot all about the class war, and even forgot to bargain for the extra fare everybody was offering.

"*Mon dieu,*" he cried, "jump in. It is 'Samson and Delilah' tonight, and the overture begins at eight."

And whirled them across Paris on one wheel. That essay was written in my salad days, and is marred by the provincial notion that a *pomme de terre* has a glamour not possessed by our own potato, or more particularly that all quaint characters are to be found abroad. Now, in what must be my cheese-and-crackers days, I know that the seeing eye would find just such anecdotes on every corner in New York. Your correspondant has at least a listening ear for any who may have such tales to tell.

My book will include the episode of Towne and Tennyson. It happened of a summer's evening last year, when Charles Hanson Towne, editor and fairly *bon vivant*, was dining out, somewhere on the upper East Side, I assume. At all events, Mr. Towne noted with delight that the dusky jehu's name was Clifford Tennyson, and lapsing at once into a broad Southern accent, addressed him so humorously as Cliffahd all the way up town that his companion grew restive at so much comedy. Therefore when, two blocks before their destination, Mr. Towne descended from the cab to buy a winsome nosegay for his hostess, this companion and the driver went into hasty conference, to rehearse a faintly retaliatory scene.

Thus it befell that when they finally dismissed the cab, and Mr. Towne said, "Cliffahd, what do Ah owe you?" he was reduced to a becoming stupefaction by the sight of a brown hand grandly waving him aside. If only the driver had heard the whispered instructions accurately, the result would have been really stunning. Even as it was, the aforesaid *bon vivant* was bowled over by hearing this reply: "Not a penny, sir, not a penny. It is a pleasure to drive you, Mr. Towel."

NOW and again a driver does actually recognize his fare, particularly if it be one whose face appears much in the public prints. One of my favorite stories deals with the emotions of such a driver who, after profitably conducting a distracted and solitary young man around and around Central Park for several hours one night, finally grew sleepy and switched an inquisitive light on his fare, only to discover that it was none other than Charlie Chaplin. Under pressure of this inspection, the comedian expressed an intention to drive on vaguely until dawn. He had reason to suspect that process servers lay in wait for him at his hotel, and he was not minded to show his celebrated face there or anywhere else. Finally, the drowsy driver decided to put the fugitive up for the rest of the night at his own home, but insisted that the visit be made incognito, lest the little woman take umbrage at their sheltering so notorious a character. As it happened, the only place for guests in the driver's flat was one half of a bed, of which the other was occupied by his ten-year-old son. I have always thought there never was such an awakening since the world began as the one which that incredulous youngster enjoyed next morning.

Then, only the other day, Heywood Broun was at once startled and gratified to have the driver of the cab he was dismissing pause to discuss, with flattering disapprobation, the literary style of Mr. Broun's several successors on the New York *World*. This unexpected pundit was particularly hard on St. John Ervine, who, by this time, must be already on the high seas, bound for the welcoming bosom of the London *Observer*. In his own mind, the driver had somewhat disconcertingly recognized the intended target of Ervine's recent allusion to "a big, orbicular newspaper man," and had loyally resented it. "Why," he said, "I guess if anyone's a sissy, he's one himself."

Which reminds one fondly of the time when Margaret Mayo made her report to Al Woods on a French script she had just read for him.

"I don't think it's so salacious," she said.

"No," he replied, "I don't think it will go well, either."

BUT to return to the taxi drivers, I must certainly include the experience of Samuel Merwin with the one he hailed outside the Players Club one stormy night.

"I want to go to the Algonquin," said Mr. Merwin firmly, and then added, with wanton pessimism, "I don't suppose you know where it is?"

"I ought to," grunted the driver, "there's only three of us left in New York."

"Only three drivers who know where the Algonquin is?" queried the pessimist, in the surprised tone of one beaten at his own game.

"No," replied the driver, thrusting a superb, hawklike Indian profile into the light, "only three Algonquins."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

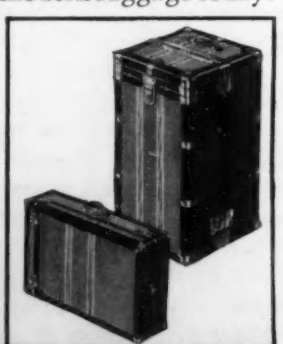
If You're Going to Europe

...*By all means take a Trunk*

as well as a few carefully chosen pieces of hand luggage

EVEN THOUGH you're going just "away", it's so much easier, so much swankier traveling with a good looking NEW ***Hartmann***. Aboard the boat your ***Hartmann,*** regardless of size, now travels in your *stateroom*—not the *hold*. And it's amazing how much simpler traveling by trunk is abroad. How much worry, bother and actual expense it saves you. And for comfort, roominess and convenience there's no end to the service an aristocratic NEW ***Hartmann*** provides.

See this dashing, colorful, modern luggage today. You'll find it in 50 sizes and shapes, in exactly the finish, color and price you've been looking for. At the better shops and department stores.



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Hartmann Trunks

THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS—VI

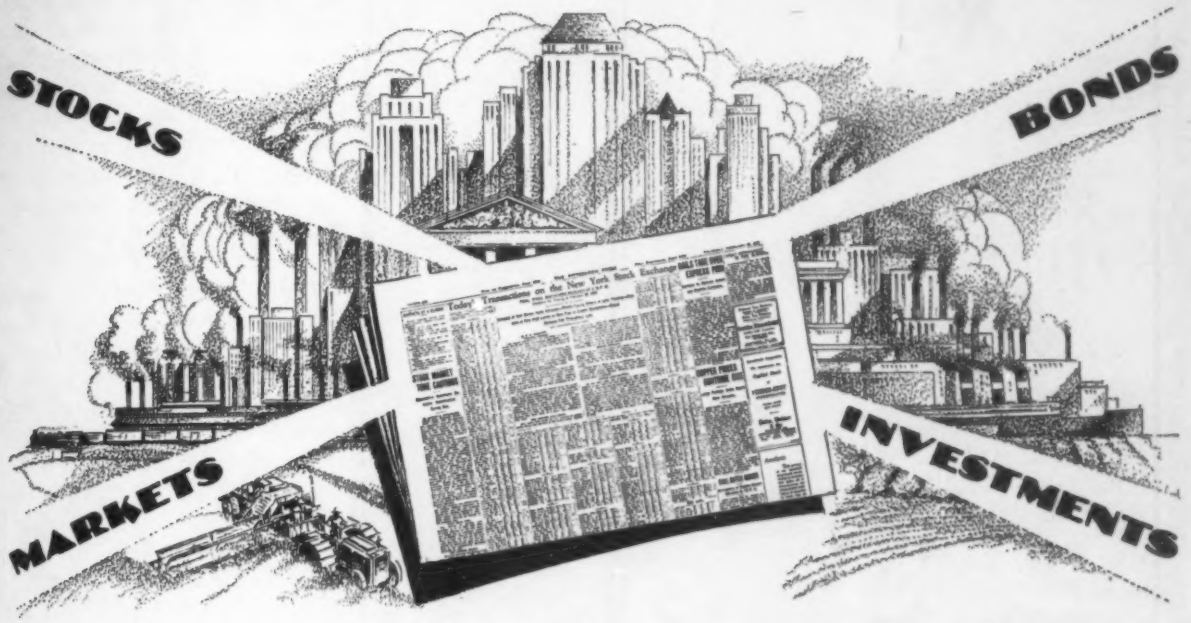
NORTH
♠—K-10-5-4
♡—K-Q-7-2
◇—9
♣—A-K-8-7

WEST	EAST
♠—A-Q-J-8-7-6-3-2	♠—0
♡—10-6	♡—A-J-9-8-5-
◇—4	◇—A-10 |4-3
♣—10-2	♣—9-5-4-3

SOUTH
♠—9
♡—0
◇—K-Q-J-8-7-6-5-3-2
♣—Q-J-6

WEST has dealt himself the hand that he has been awaiting all evening. Only last night, in the privacy of his own room, he had been conning the chapter entitled "Preëmptive Bids" in his favorite book on auction bridge. By dint of concentrated study, he had mastered the author's rules concerning the requirements for preëmptive bids; and he has since been in a constant fret of yearning for a hand upon which he might lavish his newly earned knowledge. This is it.

While the other players sort and re-sort their cards, West recalls with a distinctness unusual for him what his favorite author had laid down as the "basic requirements" for a preemptive suit bid: seven probable tricks



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Jay-Thorpe

57TH STREET WEST, NEW YORK

in hand with a major suit as trump, sufficient length and strength in suit bid to provide for only one or no trump cards in partner's hand, and weak or worthless side cards. Mentally, West rubs his hands together, and looks up from his reverie to find the other players gazing at him with that half-vacant, half-cynical stare that polite persons permit themselves while waiting for the dealer to bid.

"Four spades!" says West quietly but firmly, preëmptive in manner as well as action. Three sets of eyebrows rise abruptly, and North passes with a shrug—what has he with which to argue against a four-odd bid? East gets as far as "Five hear—" and thinks better of it. Much as he would like to play his nice hand, he cannot quite see himself bidding five of anything, so he too passes, but not without easily visible rebellion of spirit. South, however, is made of sterner stuff than East. He sticks his lower lip out and bids five diamonds.

Not particularly pleased to see his preëmptive bid taken thus lightly by the opposition, West belligerently bids five spades, and all pass, even North lacking the spirit to double in the face of such confidence.

MINDFUL of East's abortive heart bid, North leads through strength with his deuce of hearts. After sizing up the visible cards, with a professional air and a sinking feeling in the region of his heart, West hazards a finesse, playing the trey from dummy. South trumps joyously with his nine of spades and drowns West's muttered imprecations at his own ill-luck with little crows of contentment.

Faced with the choice of leading diamonds or clubs, the only suits left in his hand, South picks the latter, ruling out diamonds, of which he holds nine, because he thinks that West is more likely to have a short, if any exists, than North. Fortunately, he forgets that North had failed to lead diamonds, South's suit, in the first play, which might be expected to indicate a short. Perhaps South realized that leading to his partner's suit was one thing North had never learned to do. South leads his six of clubs and North

HIGH LIGHTS ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

MARJORIE HOWARD *and* BARON de MEYER

Paris Fashion Authorities for HARPER'S BAZAR

Reveal what the Elite are selecting from the Spring Offerings of Great Paris Designers

By MARJORIE HOWARD

FELLOW-COUNTRYWOMEN! Many of the houses directed by men are determined to force us into what they call femininity . . .

A new look is given to the long-in-the-back evening dress by the shortening of the waists and the tightening of the bodices . . . many women will like the look of the shorter, closer waist with its added effect of length of limb.

Backs of evening dresses continue to receive attention—all sorts of things are done to make them interesting . . . Madame Wormser ends a deep V with a big pink rose on a blue satin gown, or she puts bows in the curve of the back, with long ends; Vionnet has a new way of drawing together her slim-fronted satin gowns to a flat knot, a shirred pique, or a bow with its loops sewn flat right in the small of the back.

Men want to induce us to make something of our "crowning glory"—most women refer to long hair as a crowning nuisance. Nevertheless, I greatly fear that the general vogue of hair short in the back of the neck will soon be over. The dipping brim in back, the "sou'wester" line is quite conspicuous in the first spring millinery, probably to take care of growing hair.

I mentioned the tendency of woolens to be light and thin, and that of silks for the daytime to be crisper and firmer.

For afternoons, quantities of ensembles with woolen coats and silk frocks, and often all silk. The crêpe de Chine coat will be very good.

Beach costumes are so important . . . Schiaparelli had the amusing idea of using real tattoo designs, which she collected from a master of this art, on tricot bathing suits.

We are going to wear scarfs as much as ever, judging by the collections, some of them examples of bright patchwork in different colors.

Molyneux

DEMESER

By BARON de MEYER

DAME RUMOR has it that the newest spring styles may be tending toward revolutionary fashion. My reply is that the 1929 spring collections develop nothing but the good things dated 1928.

Simplicity is as smart as ever . . .

This season's presentation contains fewer models termed *pour le sport* than hitherto. Sport clothes are now firmly standardized and there is no need of developing them further. There is a novelty however in evening costumes, which look exactly like sport clothes and are called "costumes de sport *pour le soir*." One consists of a skirt, a sleeveless belted sweater, and a long, plain, fold-over coat, all in a sealing-wax red spangled material.

Patou . . . all his day clothes are undoubtedly longer, though not likely ever to attain the length of his new evening dresses, which are down to the ground both back and front . . . Bright colored dresses shown for Southern wear and for a sunny summer—most of them in crêpe de Chine, with plaited skirts and short jackets. All Patou's most noticeable evening dresses seem to be black, all of them tubelike, long and transparent about the feet.

Black-and-white is the predominating impression carried away from Lanvin's collection . . . For a great number of afternoon gowns, printed fabrics are used . . . New looking is deep violet organdie made use of for a garden party frock; violet in general being a shade successfully revived . . . An unusual novelty are wisps of tulle, squares, attached in the back to bead necklaces; they hang down either singly or in groups of half a dozen.

Chanel needs a chapter for jersey alone. Her jerseys this year look like tweeds, but tweeds become frivolous . . . intensely surprising is black jersey combined with black spangles. The display of Chanel jewelry is entirely new. It consists of luminous bands of gleaming red, of green, of blue, of every shade of a prism-mirrored crystal cut and dyed, shown in conjunction with beige jersey suits.

These are excerpts—Continue Marjorie Howard's and Baron de Meyer's descriptions of the Spring Paris collections in April Harper's Bazar—on sale where you buy the New Yorker

Take New York in Your Stride

DON'T let New York annoy you with its crowds, subway jams and traffic delays. Take it in your stride—and walk to where you want to go!

It's easier done than said if you live at Woodstock Tower, for here you are only a 4 minute walk away from Grand Central, theatres and shops.

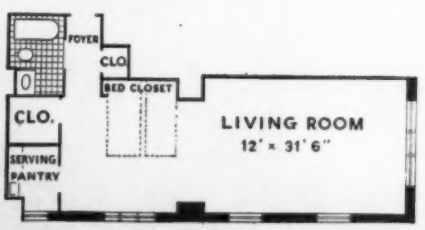
At the new Woodstock Tower you will find an entirely new version of the 1 room apartment—with terraces and balconies and outside exposure for every apartment.

And always on call the famous Tudor City service, including: efficient maid, valet, laundry, medical nursing service, private policemen, garages, restaurants.

Outside your door: trees, 2 large parks—one with a miniature 18-hole golf course, the other with a children's play ground.

Woodstock Tower, 320 East 42nd Street, will be ready about May 1st. 1, 2 and 3 rooms from $850 to $3500.

Tudor City renting offices are open evenings until 9 o'clock.



Note the 31 foot living room with 5 windows, the disappearing beds and the large closets. $1250 and up

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25 Prospect Place Vanderbilt 8860

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

comes through handsomely with his ace, to take the trick. This makes his book, and North raps it smartly on the table cover. "Well, play!" snaps West. "Righto!" says North agreeably, leading his king of clubs. This also takes a trick, and West is set one trick before he can get started. East leans back to light a cigarette, "I told you so!" written all over him.

NORTH now leads his nine of diamonds and West heaves a sigh of great relief as he takes the trick with his ace in dummy. Leading the five of clubs from dummy, he takes the next trick with the deuce of trumps in his own hand. Unable to finesse for the king of spades on account of a dearth of trump cards in dummy, West utters a silent prayer and leads his ace. Aside from taking the trick and establishing the fact that all the trumps against him are in North's hand, West accomplishes nothing toward which he had besought divine aid, especially toward catching the king of spades.

West resignedly leads his queen of spades, which falls before North's emphatically played king. North now leads his king of hearts and West takes the trick with the ace in dummy. He takes the next one also by trumping the nine of clubs, which he leads from the board. Having lost count of the number of trumps which have been played, West has some hope that his remaining cards, all trumps, may be good, but his lead of the jack of spades fails to dislodge North's ten, North making this good on West's next lead. West has little trouble taking the next two tricks, the last, with his remaining trumps.

"WELL, partner, we set them down three tricks," beams North.

"Too bad we didn't double," replies South, never satisfied. "Anyway, why didn't you raise me in diamonds? You had swell help."

"Just what was the idea of bidding four spades right off the bat on the hand you had?" asks East, addressing his query to West.

West fails to reply. Why, he muses, try to justify following the advice of a bridge authority?

—JOHN C. EMERY

•

FOR SALE—8 cylinder Chevrolet touring car. $65. Must be seen to be appreciated. —*Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.*

Must be seen even to be believed.

FIFTEEN-MINUTES-FOR-EFFICIENCY

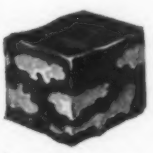
IS everybody here? One, two, three—where's Mr. Cleary? Edgar, will you go out in the washroom and ask Mr. Cleary to come here as soon as he can. Tell him we're going to start the meeting. He knows about it. At least he ought to. Everybody got memos, didn't you? Didn't you all get memos? I thought so. I have a pretty doggone efficient secretary, men. All I got to say is: "Miss Douglas, will you write a memo to the office staff to the effect that we're going to have one of our Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, Fifteen-Minutes-for-Efficiency meetings?" and she does it. Ever since I took Miss Douglas away from Irv Rosenthal a lot of the routine cares of the office have been taken care of efficiently and leave me to do more important things. Right now I'm on the budget, as some of you men pretty well realize, I guess, and any little routine job that can be taken care of—

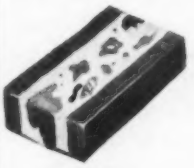
OH, here you are, Mr. Cleary. I was a little afraid you forgot about our meeting. Not that I wish to be a—uh—martinet or anything like that, going around enforcing discipline down everybody's throats, but I wish when we say we're going to meet at four-thirty-five, we'd all make a special effort to get here at four-thirty-five. I'm not referring only to you, Mr. Cleary, but this goes for everybody. It just happens that Mr. Cleary was a little late today and I have no intention of trying to hold you up as an example, Mr. Cleary. You understand that, don't you? I mean I knew your father and what a fine worker he was and so on, so I don't expect a Cleary to have to be made an example of. Still it won't do any harm to sort of warn everybody that the efficiency of our Fifteen-Minutes-for-Efficiency depends largely on complete coöperation of the office staff, and that goes for each and every one of you, and not only Mr. Cleary. Coöperation! Coöperation! Coöperation! By George, you can't have too much of it in business, in the little things as well as the big ones, because if you can't be careful of the little things, what the hell are you going to do when it comes time to deal with the big ones?

BUT to get down to business, as we all know, Hagedorn &

Whether they're thin or stout ... no matter what cigarette they smoke ... everybody likes Park & Tilford Home Made Candies

We're willing to have you write your own testimonial after tasting any of the following


Nut Caramel


Vanilla Caramel Nougat

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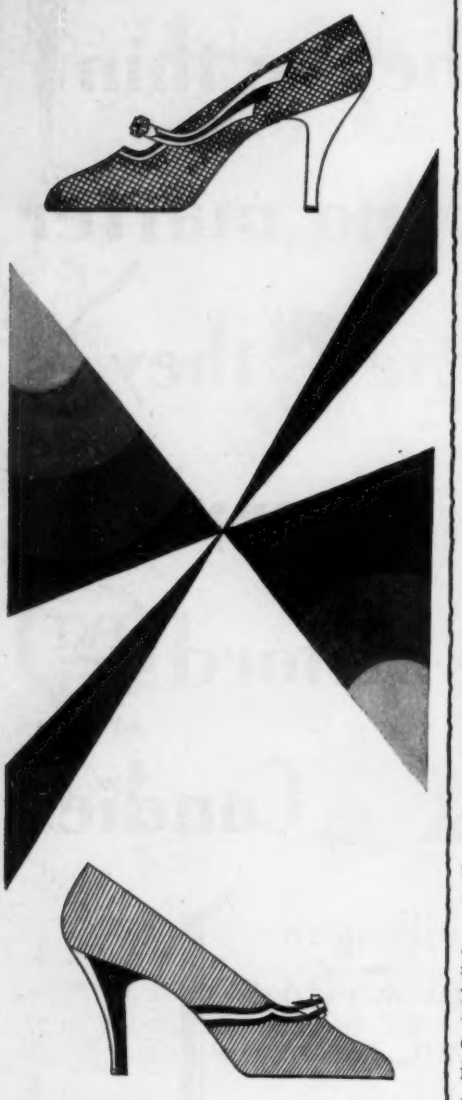

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. . . elevates the pump style to new heights of chic in Cammeyer creations featuring three-shade combinations.

First Model.....**$16.50**
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Cammeyer
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 46TH and AT 38TH

Brownmiller, Incorporated, are the best and second largest manufacturers of paints and varnishes in the Yorkville section. Also we are the oldest, and our goal right now is to be the largest manufacturers not only in the Yorkville section but in the whole island of Manhattan itself! Now to achieve that aim is why we have these meetings; it's why we're here. It isn't any little thing we're aiming at either. You all know what kind of competition we have to buck up against. But by George, we're going right out and get the business and the way to do it is through the dealer!

IN the last analysis, men, the dealer is the most powerful intragal force there is in boosting our sales. Once we sell the dealer, our product is sold and there's no telling where we'll stop. The sky's the limit. Now, some of you men may say: "Why, the dealer's already sold on our product or he wouldn't care to handle it. He wouldn't be our dealer." Very true. But when we get one of our crack sales force like Fitzpatrick to work on a hard prospect, there's very few dealers can maintain their sales resistance against a man like Fitz. And don't you forget it.

What I am trying to get across to you men is this. We get somebody like, say, Fitz to work on a Louisville, Kentucky, prospect. Well, with all due respects to Fitz, whom I consider is one of the best salesmen in this country, a great deal of Fitz' success is due to personality. A man with the personality Fitz has can sell anything. He could sell safety razors to the House of David. But I been thinking it over pro and con and I've been wondering, men, whether it isn't so much Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, products that Fitz sells as it is Philip J. Fitzpatrick, Esquire.

HERE'S the proposition. We have a valuable man like Fitz. Valuable men like Fitz get to be known in the trade, and first thing you know he gets an offer over and above what we can afford to give him, and you can't blame him if he takes an inferior product to make himself more money. Fitz has a family to support and money is a mighty important thing these days. Well, if we should lose Fitz—not that I think we will, because F. W. wouldn't let him go if he could help it—but taking for granted that we might lose him, what then? Could we get another like him? No,

TO MEN who sometimes get that SIMON LEGREE feeling

In a nice gentlemanly way, wouldn't you sometimes like to swing a blacksnake whip or put your dearest friend on the rack? Maybe you're smoking the wrong cigars. Try MURIELS. Smoke as many as you please... you'll come up smiling. For MURIELS gratify the keenest smoke appetite... without ever stepping on the toes of your disposition. Neither too mild nor too heavy. Choice Havana blended with other selected tropical leaf. Try one today.

MURIEL
NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES

10¢ and up

ROTHSCHILDS . . . . . 10¢
CORONAS . . . . . 10¢
PERFECTOS . . . . 2 for 25¢
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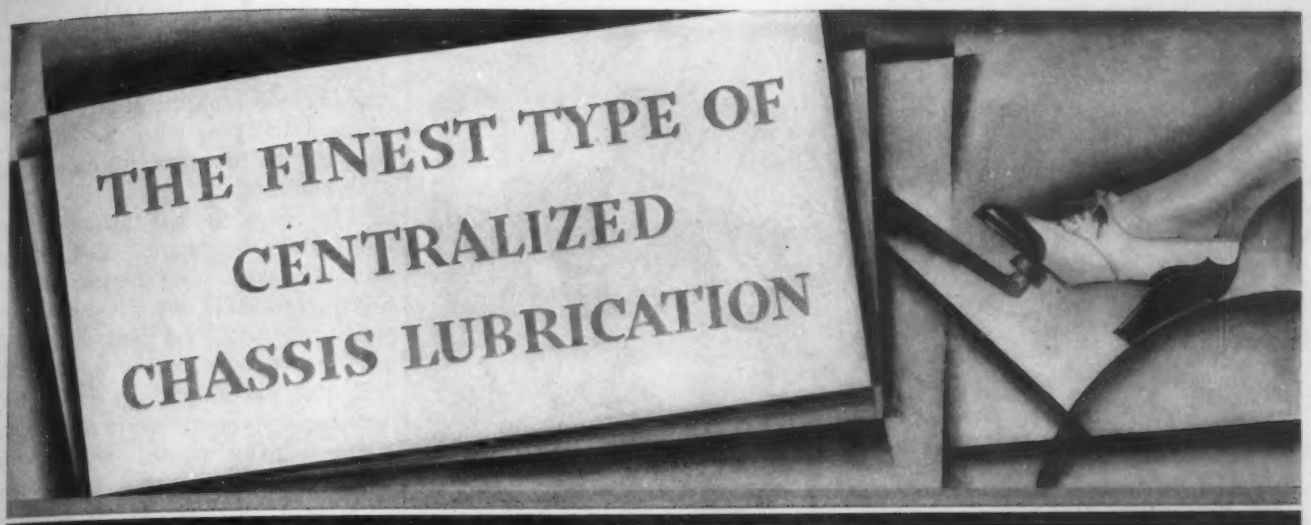

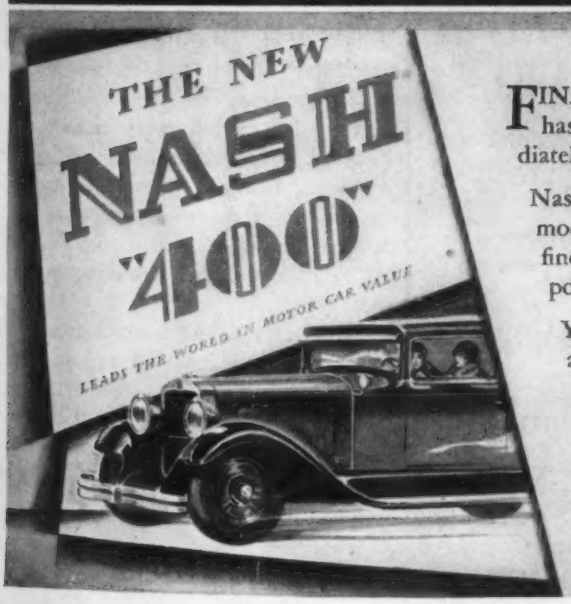

FINALLY, a system of centralized chassis lubrication has been perfected which operates easily, immediately, and invariably.

Nash now offers it on every Advanced and Special model of the new "400" series . . . Nash-Bijur . . . the finest device ever produced to supply chassis bearing points with necessary lubrication.

You simply press a convenient pedal (a child can do it), and twenty nine chassis points, spring shackles, steering knuckles, clutch bearing and the like . . . are bathed in fresh, clean, wear-resisting oil.

Nash-Bijur centralized lubrication does away with all the bother and expense of old-fashioned chassis greasing. Press the pedal once a day, lubrication follows. Chassis squeaks are avoided, chassis wear is prevented . . . when you drive the new and finer Nash "400."

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AND ASSOCIATED DEALERS

There is a Nash Dealer in Your Immediate Neighborhood

Was it a good party? Perfect!

Just one of those informal dinners, arranged by telephone the night before. No personages or geniuses. A few couples . . . old friends.

The soup perhaps slightly short of French perfection. The roast well cooked, and nicely seasoned. Salad and dessert . . . better than average.

But when the coffee was served, the party really got under way! Rich, mellow . . . fragrant coffee . . . the finishing touch.

There is no simpler way to guarantee the success of a dinner than to serve this expertly blended coffee . . . rich in the mellow fragrance bequeathed by tropic sunshine.

Beech-Nut Coffee

I don't think we could get another man with the personality Fitz has, and it's the old personality that makes the first impression on the dealer. It's up to us, I tell you, when we've sold a man for the first time, it's up to us to *keep* him sold.

The boys in the manufacturing end will do their share. You can rest assured of that. Never once in thirty-seven years have we put out an inferior product. Not even during the war, when our business was shot to hell just like everybody else's. No, we don't have to worry about our products going wrong. If it was up to the paints and varnishes and stains to keep the product sold, we wouldn't have to do anything but take orders. Such, however, is not the case. That's not the way business is done nowadays. Nowadays you have the personal element between the home office and the dealer. And *that's where we come in.*

WHAT we've got to do is strive for a better intimate contact between home office and dealer in our correspondence, in our telegrams and phone calls. We've got to know what dealers pay cash so they can get the two per cent off, what ones let it go for ninety days, and which ones settle semi-annually like many of our dealers do. It's all very well to be efficient and send a statement every month out of the twelve, but by George, if we have a dealer in Indianapolis that has been dealing with Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, for the past fifteen, twenty years, always paying semi-annually and on the dot, why there's no use wasting his time and ours by sending him a bill every month until he pays, and maybe endangering our relations with an old reliable valuable customer. I don't see things that way at all, and I think if you give the matter a little thought you'll agree with me.

Now, this is just a small detail, but it may mean big results at some time or another. Irv, let's hear what you have to say on the subject, then we'll adjourn as I have to go downtown before the bank closes. —JOHN O'HARA

•

YE OLDE SEQUITUR

[*From the Newark Evening News*]

Dana M. Martin of 74 South Munn Avenue, East Orange, is recovering from an operation in St. James's hospital. He became ill while visiting his wife's parents Saturday at Bayshore, Long Island.

Advanced in style
Rich in fine-car value

EVERY fine thing you have ever associated with the dependability of Dodge Brothers and the genius of Walter P. Chrysler is incorporated in the Dodge Brothers Senior: ultra-modern style—charming new color themes—inviting interiors—unforgettable performance. It is an unprecedented automobile—first in fashion, foremost in quality, and rich in fine car value. Those who know custom cars best sincerely praise the Dodge Brothers Senior as the largest, handsomest and most luxurious of all Dodge Brothers cars. And it is priced surprisingly low.

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THE LANDAU SEDAN (*wire wheels extra*)

"I'm Telling You
(You're Not Asking Me)"

"I'm Telling You (You're Not Asking Me)" —A nifty new number with guitar, piano and trumpet effects and a vocal chorus by Nick Lucas.

"Some Rainy Day" 4214

"My Angeline"—You just can't help dancing to this waltz and this peppy fox trot by Ray Miller and his orchestra.

"Cradle of Love" 4233

"My Tonia"—There's rare appeal in this organ solo by Lew White.

"Sweethearts on Parade" 4263

"All A-Twitter"—You'll feel gay as a bird when you hear Jesse Stafford and her orchestra do these snappy fox trots.

"I Wanna Go Places and Do Things" 4250

Always something new on Brunswick Records

There's new snap, rhythm and pep in Brunswick Records

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PANATROPES-RADIOLAS-RECORDS

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Worthy if Not Noteworthy New Opera and a Guest Conductor of Parts

OPERAGOERS who found "Jonny Spielt Auf" unduly frivolous will revel in the latest Metropolitan novelty, Pizzetti's "Fra Gherardo." This is a substantial serious-minded composition, with nothing funny about it except some of the stage lighting, and that bit of humor cannot be charged against Pizzetti. It is the first of Pizzetti's operas to be performed here, and it confirms the opinion that its creator is a musician of taste and accomplishment. It also reinforces a suspicion that he is capable of lugubriousness, and long stretches of it.

LIKE Křenek (or don't you remember the man who is responsible for "Jonny Spielt Auf"?), Pizzetti is his own librettist. In the construction of his book, he has adhered to tested *materia operatica*. His tenor here is Fra Gherardo, who has given up the sportive habits of a Parmesan gentleman in the Middle Ages in favor of a monastic life. As embodied by Edward Johnson, Fra Gherardo is Romeo turned Athanael, which, I imagine, is approximately the idea. Fra Gherardo is saved from the onslaught of a "fair woman's" escort (the Fra had rebuked her) by Mariola, a good little bad girl. The Fra moralizes at her, but succumbs to her beauty and, if you care to believe the official prospectus, "takes her into his arms and carries her into his house." Mr. Johnson does nothing of the sort with Mme. Maria Mueller, but the substitution of the business which usually concludes the first act of "Madama Butterfly" serves the dramatic purpose of the scene.

The next morning, the Fra becomes downright priggish and sends Mariola away. A convenient chapter of the Confraternity of Flagellants happens by, and the Fra joins them to expiate his fleshly offences. A well-made choral brings the first act to an end.

In the second act, the Fra has become a popular preacher, expounding the happiness of mankind. This brings him into conflict with his more orthodox brethren, who invoke against him

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FASHION WELTS

are worn for all daytime events in town or country

THE real test of well made shoes comes in the wearing. How will they look at the end of the season? Tailored shoes of calf for country, or featherweight kid shoes for more formal wear, so long as they are Fashion Welts . . . made by the Goodyear Welt process . . . keep their original graceful lines. When you are being fitted to new shoes ask:

"Are these genuine Fashion Welts?"

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
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Tailored footwear calls for tailored details such as

DIAMOND BRAND VISIBLE EYELETS

FAMOUS THROATS

"OPERATIC singing requires the utmost my throat has to give. This means that I must keep it absolutely free from colds and soreness. I have depended upon Glyco Thymoline for years. It is wonderful."

Giuseppe De Luca

Guiseppe De Luca

Brilliant Baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

When you feel a cold coming on, or your throat getting sore, start to gargle regularly with Glyco Thymoline. Soothing, pleasant to taste, non-irritating and quick to relieve. *You can identify it by the salmon colored carton and the deep cherry red liquid. At all drug stores.*

GLYCO THYMOLINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE GREAT THROAT NORMALIZER

THE CORYZA CONCERT

RAPT expectancy and hush — it was the Cappriccio Espagnol of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Tap—tap! The raised baton. Breaths were held. Then—

Kerchoo! Ah-kerchoo! Schkx! And—a very embarrassing silence. The baton did not descend. Glares at the box on the left. But—Coryza (really just a cold in the head) seemed conquered for the moment and the concert continued.

If they had only known about Vapex! A little drop certainly would have relieved the cold. And very likely would have stopped it before it got well started.

Vapex is pleasant and simple to use. A drop on your handkerchief—breathe your cold away. Especially when in crowded places, shopping, at the theater, use it frequently. Vapex will stop a cold at the start. Your druggist has it — one dollar the bottle containing 50 treatments. Vapex is distributed by E. Fougera & Co., Inc., New York City.

Insist on the genuine Vapex in the little square bottle and the package with the green triangle. . . . It may be expensive to experiment with an imitation!

the authority of the civil powers. Mariola returns to relate her sorrows, including the birth and death of the Fra's son. She comes to his defence and attempts to rally the proletariat to his side—but the crowd repudiates him. He is sentenced to be burned, and just before he goes to his execution, Mariola is stabbed in the back by one of the mob.

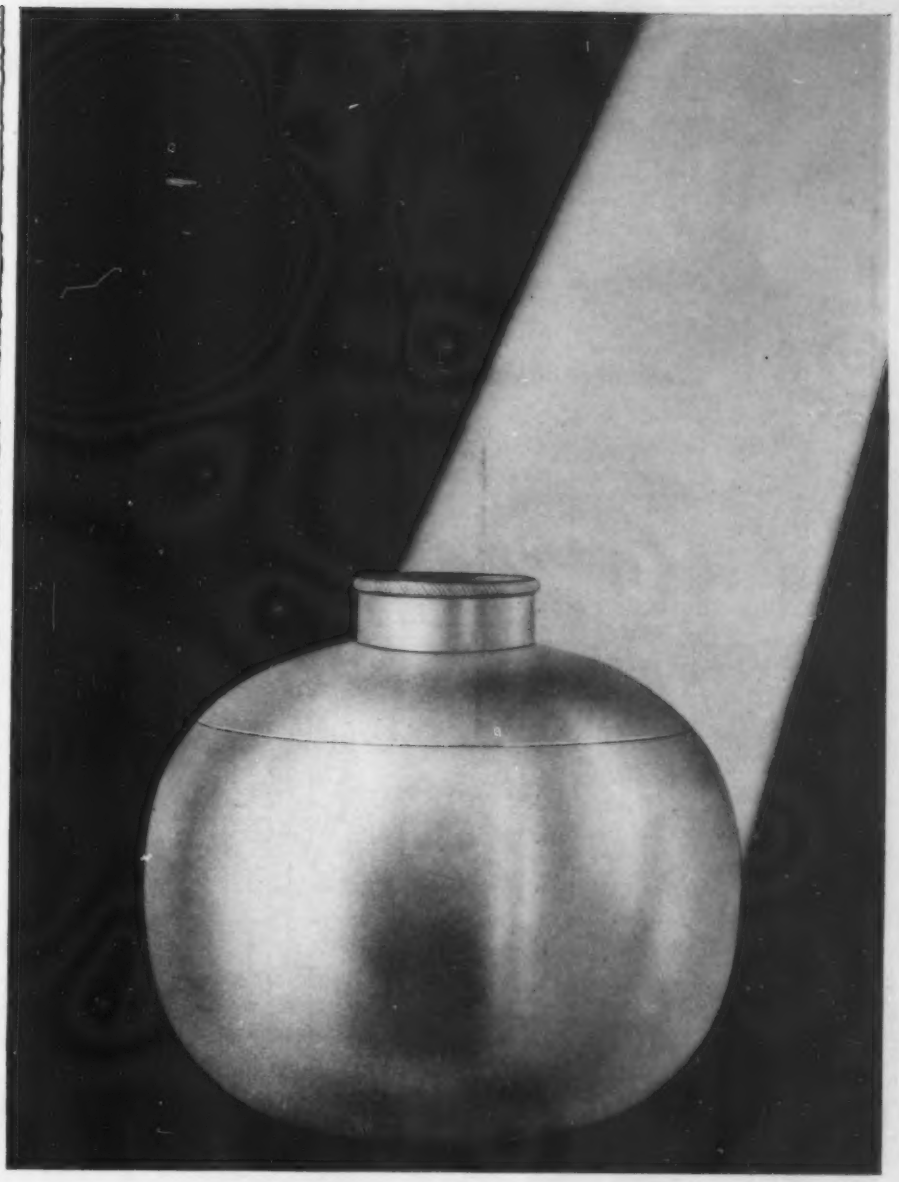
ALL of this might be a Verdi libretto, but Pizzetti handles it without melodrama. There is a succession of soundly written music, some of it effective in a Puccinian way, some of it pointed dialogue, some of it striking in its choral devices, and much of it a rather drab *parlando* against an orchestral background that is more interesting technically than dramatically.

Specialists in the discovery of parallels will find resemblances to Montemezzi, Debussy, Moussorgsky, Wagner, and, of course, Puccini, but "Fra Gherardo" is not imitative. It is the work of a musician who has his own style, if not a distinctive idiom, and the occasional reminders of other men are almost inevitable in a composer of this order.

The work is well sung, and the staging, which is chiefly by Mr. Serafin, is direct and simple. The makeup of the mendicants in the first act is the only shrieking flaw in the production. These characters are smeared up to look like an art production of a Russian play. The conducting of Mr. Serafin is, as usual, superb, and the settings of Mr. Urban are in his usual vein, with the customary impossible foliage and the wonted attractive houses. The lighting is grotesque, and dawn in the second scene comes up even faster than out of China 'crost the Bay!

FOR its last guest conductor of the season, The Philadelphia Orchestra introduced a Viennese gentleman named Clemens Krauss, who seems to be one of the most proficient visiting batonists of several years. I say "seems" because guest conductors have a disconcerting way of lapsing into dullness after a few appearances, but this Krauss manifested encouraging symptoms.

He is tall, slim, and dark, with sideburns that undoubtedly will tempt his press agents to reminisce about the sainted Valentino—and yet he is no circus leader. His program included "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which he almost made convincing, a Mozart



THE Exhibition of Contemporary American Design at the Metropolitan Museum of Art pays a noteworthy tribute to Rumidor by giving a prominent position to the Silver Bomb.

Nothing is more indicative of the care with which the discriminating smoker selects accessories than the prompt acceptance of these newest Rumidors, beautifully fashioned in silver.

Other Rumidors, in exclusive skins and distinctive metals for cigarettes, cigars and pipe tobacco, are sold at the better shops. $3.50 to $110.00.

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If not convenient to buy rum refills, send a dollar and we'll mail a package of four.

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Please mail 4 refills. $1.00 enclosed.
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Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you trail rice in the hotel lobby

...*be nonchalant*... LIGHT A MURAD.

P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

FROM THE PARIS STUDIO OF ROBJ

THIS EXQUISITE ETCHED URN $18

Another Salon Verlaine on Fifth Avenue, at 43rd, where the wise bachelor (or belle) will balance the season's debts to his (or her) hostesses with an Easter gift from Verlaine, ..always a charming and appreciated gesture

Verlaine
Chocolats Distingués

SALON LOUIS QUINZE SAVOY PLAZA HOTEL ✦ SALON EMPIRE 5th AVENUE AT 43rd

FOUR DOLLARS THE POUND

Serenade in which he was handicapped by a violinist who played so out of tune that he reminded me of a family chamber-music party, Reger's "Ballet Suite," which had not been heard here since the days of Stransky, and the "Meistersinger" prelude.

Mr. Krauss is a romantic conductor who happens to have discrimination, and he also has unusual command of his men. In the Reger suite, a charming sequence of brilliantly scored light episodes, he was at his best; no other conductor leads a waltz movement with so much grace and vitality. His "Meistersinger" prelude was not entirely traditional, but it was what it ought to be—the prologue to the best musical comedy yet written. He made "Also Sprach Zarathustra" as painless as possible, and his Mozart had spirit, although the placement of the reduced orchestra and the bad intonation of a fiddler robbed it of its polish.

To Mr. Krauss falls the disagreeable task of completing Mr. Toscanini's truncated season with the Philharmonic-Symphony. If he avoids programs that challenge direct comparison, he probably will have as much success as it is possible for any director to derive from this least attractive of all assignments. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

More From Two Favorites—Seasonal Songs and General Ditties

"SPRING IS HERE," the title of the most recent Hart-and-Rodgers effort, might be a motto for the new song output as well. There are gardens, nights in May, sweet days, and all manner of spring attributes available for music-buyers. The score of "Spring Is Here," by the way, is a gracious affair, with at least two songs that may become unpopularly popular—"With a Song in My Heart," a more dignified creation than one might expect, and a bright ditty called "Yours Sincerely."

SPRING fashions in non-show music are indicated in the following check-list:

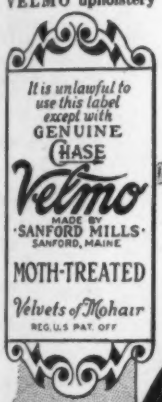
A GARDEN IN THE RAIN. Not to be confused with the Debussy work of a similar title. A pleasant little affair, good for humming and strumming.

A NIGHT IN MAY. A new opus from the workshop of the composer of "Glow

Today the Smartest Furniture wears Chase VELMO Upholstery

In homes where exquisite taste and a thorough knowledge of what is correct govern every purchase . . . in those shops chic women patronize . . . you'll find furniture upholstered in this most luxurious material.

W · H · E · N
the knowing ones buy furniture they look for this Label, which guarantees genuine VELMO upholstery



MOHAIR — woven into a pile surface — gives to VELMO a beauty and durability which cannot be equaled by any upholstery fabric not containing Mohair

Beautifully lustrous; velvet-soft as the down of a peach; with patterns suavely sophisticate, daintily demure, or as gorgeous as a Renaissance brocade, and in rich, jewel-clear colors, Velmo is . . . decidedly . . . the upholstery for *your* furniture.

Also . . . its amazing wear-resistance assures for your furniture, always, that well-bred look of faultless grooming.

CHASE
Velmo

Made by
SANFORD MILLS ~ SANFORD, MAINE
Selling Agents: L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ATLANTIC CITY, SAN FRANCISCO

"With the whole darned country to choose from . . . *I picked Columbus Circle!*"

THERE was no Macon steaming down the bay to greet Columbus. There was no banquet in his honor—but had he been given the key to the city, it could have opened up for him no more attractive location than that where his statue stands—and had he been wined and dined his table company could not have been more distinguished than are the business neighbors who now share with him the sunlight, air and traffic conveniences of the General Motors Building—at Columbus Circle, by the Park!

• •

All transit lines stop here—the new 8th Ave. subway has an entrance in the building—or you can easily walk from residential Manhattan.

Reasonable rentals in units of from 440 to 23,700 square feet. Lots of sunlight and air.

This location is an internationally known address.

Trained modern service—plenty of high speed elevators.

The tenantry includes such firms as General Motors Executive Offices; Chemical National Bank; Kelly Springfield Tires; some of the leading members of the New York Stock Exchange and other prominent business and professional concerns—representing a total capitalization of more than two billions of dollars.

• •

GENERAL MOTORS BLDG.

BROADWAY AT 57th ST.

HOFFMANN BUILDING, INC. OWNERS CIRCLE 9500

Worm." The gavotte rhythm is a novelty, but foxtrot habitués can convert it into dance-floor tempo easily.

EVERY MOON'S A HONEYMOON WITH YOU. Another intimate little thing. Try this on your wife.

HE, SHE, AND ME. A snappy crooner, as they call these songs in radio circles. Uke players please copy.

I'M THIRSTY FOR KISSES, HUNGRY FOR LOVE. Not nearly so ravenous a work as one might suspect. There are possibilities for parodies here.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD. Good standard business, adaptable to nearly any circumstance.

I'VE GOT RELIGION. A particularly good near-spiritual, and perhaps it has a genuine background. Don't sing it in strict time.

ON WITH THE DANCE. This was played at the Inaugural Ball, but it's good anyhow.

SONG OF THE BAYOU. The winner of five thousand dollars in the Victor Talking Machine Company's contest. It makes an effective piano piece, and why not, since it's by the composer of "Soliloquy"?

SOME SWEET DAY. Optimism, preferred.

WEDDING OF THE PAINTED DOLL. One of the new toy series that seems to be in for a run. A good tune.

TOYMAKER'S DREAM. Another toy piece. This can be done handsomely with an improvised home orchestra, being a sort of *Kindersymphonie*.

WHEN I'M WALKING WITH MY SWEETNESS. Another paean in honor of the greatest girl in the world, and not as sappy as sweetness usually is.

PLODDIN' ALONG. Good rhythm effects. Your own quartet will like this. —POP

•

GRAND CENTRAL—3 A.M.

Departed lovers, with a sigh,
To phantom sweethearts bid goodbye
And wraithly visitors to town
With ghostly step pace up and down.
Two information clerks repose
In blissful ignorance and doze;
While not a single scarlet cap
Is seen beneath the heavenly map.

The eerie Stamford locals, missed,
On patient, empty rails exist
To tempt unseen commuting hordes
To haste at unheard All-aboards.
Then, distantly, a bell may toll
Or faintly heard express trucks roll
To frighten off that dull despair
That no one's going anywhere.

—CARROLL CARROLL

•

Hello Shreveport, hello Tulsa, hello world! This is Johnnie Moore, announcing a doggone good bargain in a new 1929 standard Ford coupe with right-hand brake, $12 clock, spare tires, bumpers, 1929 license paid, bought new in Dallas 3 weeks ago. My price is $673.45 with $100 down payment to the right party. Doggone, fellows, come on! I have five babies to feed. JOHNNIE MOORE.—*Adv. in the Dallas News.*

Hello, Johnnie Moore, what are the babies' names?

SMART NEW YORKERS

Will Love These Costumes

for their use of precious detail

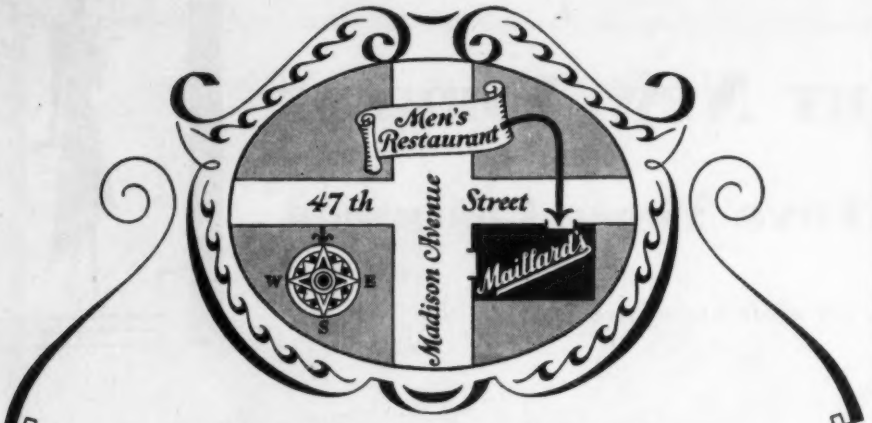
Like gems, our spring selections from the Haute Couture turn to *intricacy of design* for new facets of beauty, new angles of interest . . . In chiffons for evening, for instance, we offer gowns that fairly entwine the figure with flowing lines of the most minute tucking. Then, here are cape costumes for both daytime and evening—chic and audacious as youth itself—costumes now glorious with exquisite shirring, now crisp with tucking, now lavish with plaiting. Likewise, in ensembles and separate coats—throughout the collection—scores of details that recall the modiste era . . . In presenting such master models for copy or adaptation we take pardonable pride, for our custom order staff is trained to re-create intricate designing —no matter how difficult—with utmost skill.

L. P.

HOLLANDER

CO.

552 FIFTH AVE.
45-46TH STS.



A Delightful Restaurant Designed Especially for Men

Occasionally a woman straggles over her own border line into the men's domain—with a masculine escort, of course—but not often. Maillard's is a luncheon boon to the business man in the Grand Central District. A quiet place where he may feel as much at home as in his club—and perhaps be better served.

Separate entrance on 47th Street

Maillard's

Madison Avenue at 47th Street

time for another *permanent!*

do you remember when you had one last? *ages* ago! *wouldn't* your hair look better for another? *perhaps* a few extra curls are all it needs to improve its appearance immensely. *have* them done at *jean's,* where the machines are the newest and finest, and the operators are famous for creating the most natural and becoming of *permanents.*

phone for an appointment.

G. JEAN

32 west 58th street
plaza 1470

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY

MR. PLUMMIT, balancing his briefcase of the best Russian leather on his knees, felt nervously for the thin gold watch that slithered about in the pocket of his silk vest. Seven-fifteen. In just seven minutes he would "go on," and he cleared his throat apprehensively. The Merrymaker Boys, who were not due until eight-thirty-five, looked up from their game of pinochle and nodded casually. Mr. Plummit returned their greeting a trifle formally. He respected them for their tremendous following, but he could not admire them. In the little soundproof room at the right, the regular routine of the station was going forward, and he could see Moffatt through the small glass partition, gesticulating and nodding in front of the microphone as he read off the Lost and Found ads of the *Evening World.* Nice fellow, Moffatt, but he, too, was inclined to be flippant about his work.

Opening his top-coat a little, Mr. Plummit adjusted with a meticulous finger the neat tie at the opening of his wing collar. He always "dressed" for his number, and he took a secret pride in the contrast between the impeccable splendor of his attire and the unpressed suits and wrinkled ties of the other "artists." Even Mrs. Blenham, who gave readings from the best of contemporary fiction, had a way of turning up at the studio in the most nondescript costumes, her face unpowdered and her hands unmanicured. It was very distressing, and Mr. Plummit sighed heavily.

MOFFATT could now be seen beckoning frantically as he finished his list for the night, and Mr. Plummit slipped off his coat, putting his derby hat and gloves down on the chair, and stepped on careful feet across the slight threshold of the soundproof room, shutting the door silently after him. The girl who played accompaniments turned a little toward Plummit, and then consulted the typewritten order of songs which lay on the piano. She was dead-tired and complained that her head ached perpetually. She arranged the sheets of music deftly on the rack and waited for Moffatt to finish his introductory words.

They were always the same, but Plummit never tired of them. He had written them in the first place,

and yet they seemed ever fresh, new, and delightful. It seemed to him, though, that of late Moffatt had developed a tendency to hurry through them, slurring the phrases so as to diminish ever so slightly their dignity. Plummit smoothed his pale hair with a suddenly moist hand and swallowed hastily. The girl at the piano struck a few indeterminate chords and Moffatt waved him toward the microphone.

There were only five songs on his program, and Plummit went through them easily. He had a slender, reedy voice which was at its best lingering on high notes, and in the third song there was just such a note to be held with a sweetness of tone which was almost saccharine. It irritated him to notice, at the very moment when this note was swelling and dying, that the Merrymakers in the room outside were smothering their laughter in their hands. Some joke about the everlasting pinochle game, no doubt, but it was very inconsiderate of them, very.

One summer at a cheap hotel he had heard a man who "whispered" his songs. It had taken a lot of solitary practice, but Plummit had mastered the trick, and the last song he "whispered" from start to finish. Almost before he was through, Moffatt was back at the microphone, making another announcement, and looking about nervously for Mrs. Blenham.

IN the anteroom, Mr. Plummit put his music carefully away and folded his silk scarf with stiff fingers. He felt pretty tired all of a sudden. It was no joke, being on your feet all day at the drugstore, and then putting in a gruelling half-hour like this before the microphone. Nodding goodnight to the Merrymakers, he stepped out into the cold, damp hallway. He turned up the velvet collar of his coat and once more adjusted his scarf. He would take a good hot bath when he got home, and perhaps a hot lemonade. It might not do any harm to put a little Scotch in it, too, Mr. Plummit reflected. He certainly couldn't be too careful of his voice. —ELSPETH

•

In the November issue of the *North American Review*, Judge Appel has an article entitled "Cheating Our Children," telling about his work in the Westchester Children's Court.—*Williams Alumni News.*

And rather white of him, too.

Suppressed Stories—No. 4

THE PARTY CAN'T GO ON

Something's happened? Lady's fainted? . . . Au contraire. The big news that's blocking traffic is how, when, and where the lady in the huddle found anything so lovely as what she's introducing as her Fujia 51's.

To be in on the latest, you must know that Fujia 51's are luxurious stockings recently brought out by McCallum. Of 51-gauge sheerness and in colors to delight the senses, they're found in all their newness at shops where smartness reigns.

Advertisement

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

I HAD just about reached that paralyzed state where every dress, wrap, suit, tiara, and bit of lingerie looked exactly alike to me when I chanced to visit the establishment of Eldridge Manning at 14 East Fifty-fifth Street. In the first place, this shop designs particularly charming clothes of its own, its skill being most apparent in robes de style that do not look either too quaint or too theatrical. In addition, it has imported many models that are distinctive—the supreme triumph being three Chanel evening dresses that I am told are nowhere else in town. One is of black net, belted, and straight almost to the knee, flaring from there down and going into a train at the side back. The diagonal décolletage below the shoulder straps has a leaf design of different thicknesses of the net coming up to it. The second is a dress that is all boleros and rippling tiers of black lace, achieving a youthful look that is almost impossible in this all-black type. The third is of pink satin, equipped with shoulder straps, trailing fullness low at the side back, and a cape thing cascading below one arm. Over these is worn a Chanel wrap composed of two very full tiers of velvet lined with satin, the bottom part wrapping tightly around the hips. All of them knockout—and Chanel has had weak moments lately.

Marthe and Renée have contributed some grand things to the collection there—among them an evening gown of pale blue satin, with diagonal lines wrapping it tightly around the natural waistline and the skirt descending in a long, irregular, circular style. Another is also of satin, with two fishtail trains trailing on the carpet below it, a peplum effect at the sides, and sinuous, close-fitting lines otherwise. Paray contributes a three-quarter evening coat with quilted arrangements making the cuffs and the huge collar, which looks like a handkerchief with one point on the shoulder. O'Rossen has a black-satin coat fitted in redingote lines with a collar of summer ermine, and also a long circular cape of a finely checked wool that would be charming for young things in the country.

These are only a very few of the models seen in the hastiest of surveys. If you want to look at a really excellent welding of the best in foreign and in domestic designing, I advise paying this shop a visit.

THE merrie springtide is practically here, tra la, and Kurzman is placidly greeting the joyous season with a collection of elegant fabrics and straws with which to concoct your new spring hat. The trouble with this season, from my point of view, of course, is that fabrics are so important and so difficult to describe. My goodness! with silks that turn out to be woollens, jerseys that turn out to be straws, and cottons that turn out to be silks, a girl doesn't know where she is at, at all, at all.

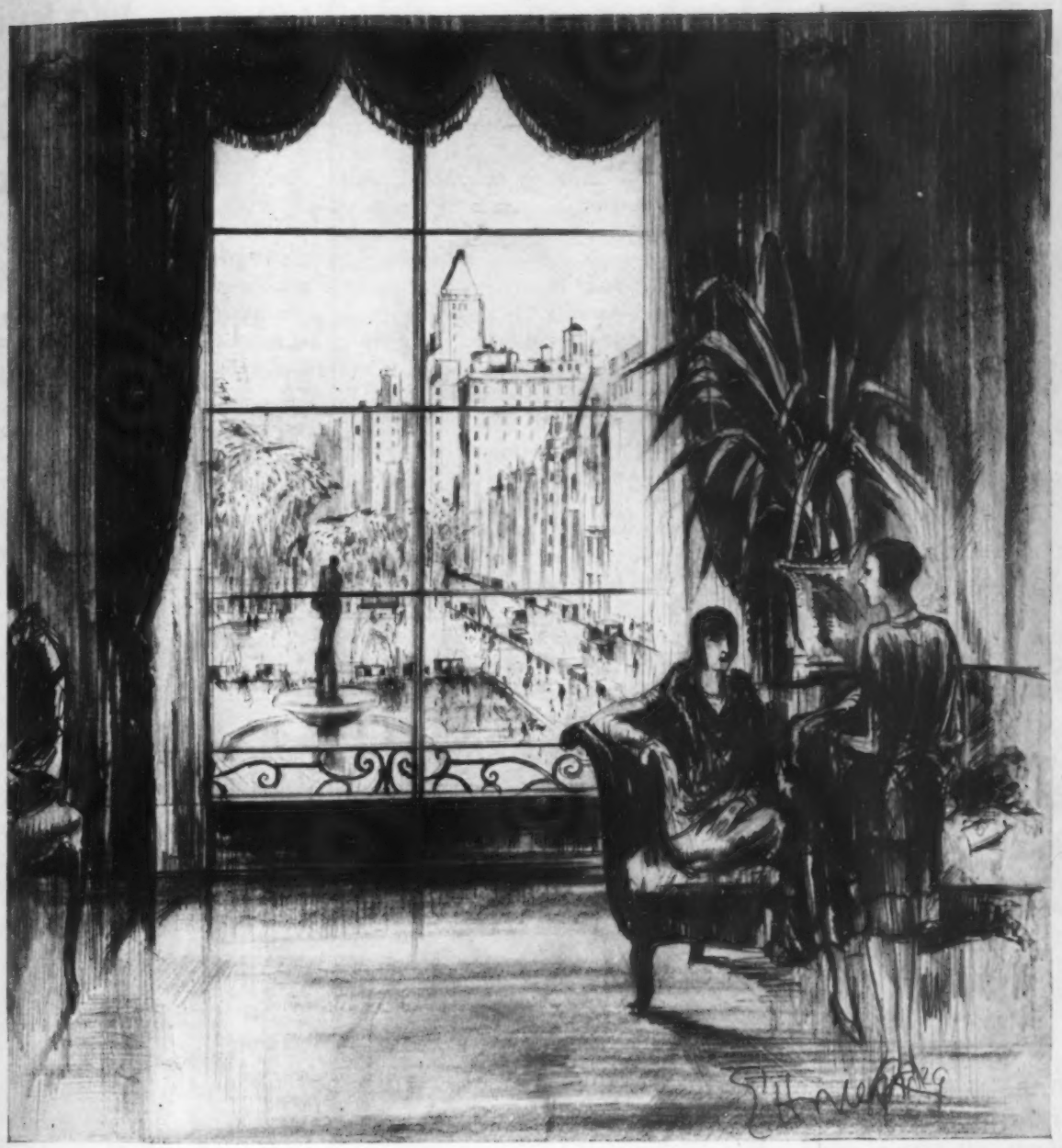
In the first place, Kurzman is offering a checked panama straw for youthful hats. It comes in red and in navy and white, in a tiny interlacing pattern. Then, there is the paper straw, which consists of white and colored tiny strips that casually hold together and make rather casual sports hats. Patou, who has gone in this year for all kinds of shiny fabrics, also contributes a shiny blue and white tiny check, a shiny straw-braidlike fabric, and a straw cloth for turbans that has the weight and the suppleness of a heavy marocain and looks like a fine jersey. There are shiny coarse white straws; Agnès wool tricot, which looks like hand-knitting on the bumpy side; Agnès porous visca straw for turbans, very fine and draping like cloth; and the usual bakus and felts. The last are combined very effectively in many hats of black felt lined with white baku, and you know that black and white combinations are smart this season—as always. Also, look at the Patou Ford felt hat, a cloche with a shallow crown and widish sides, and having as the only ornament a tailored leather belt around the crown.

—L. L.

THIS AND THAT

The New Color Problem

BY the most phenomenal figuring, I have at last calculated that it would require thirty-eight days, seven hours, and six minutes to try out all the tan preparations that have been accumulating on my shelves the past weeks. To hear the



SPRING CLOTHES AGAINST SPRING'S BACKDROP

This is the final touch to the art of dress: You can choose your new spring gowns with the Park gone April-green outside our windows ...ruminate on a new smart Norfolk suit against a background of lacy young trees...try on an imported, frantically chic sweater dress with all of New York's sky helping to reveal its color subtlety ...The season sweeps in with brilliance ... color ... line-symphony ... Everything is chosen with the unerring judgment of our experts and shown against the actual décor for which it was created.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

"A Garment is no finer than its Fabric"

Are YOU Fabric-Wise?

In this season of Flat Crepe prominence for sports, afternoon and evening wear, it is essential that you know a pure-silk, pure-dye flat crepe from cheap, weighted imitations.

Do as the *Fabric-Wise* are doing—ask for Haas Brothers' CREPE RENEE—there is none finer.

By the yard at the better retail shops and in made-up garments

Haas Brothers Silks

Fifth Avenue New York

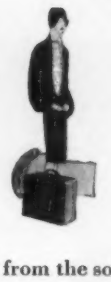
fashion world go on, you might think that tan is the only correct thing for everyone, regardless of age, climate, or natural coloring; you might be hypnotized into believing that legs actually look better without stockings than with them, and that gardenia skins should instantly be exposed upon sunny mountain tops. Practically every perfumer and beauty specialist in the country has her own version of attaining and glorifying this dusky state, and my advice is to go at once to your favorite beauty parlor and look the situation over for yourself. That is, if you want to tan at all. I still think it isn't compulsory.

If you want to tan naturally, there are all kinds of oils, variously perfumed and disguised, to apply on the skin before exposure and prevent, to a large degree, painful burning, peeling, drying, and other discomforts. If the sand has a tendency to cling affectionately, remember you must suffer to be beautiful. Sunshine machines are everywhere, in health parlors, beauty parlors, homes, and so on, and with these you may tan to the requisite shade in the requisite spots without too much fear of freckling. I don't know why artificial sunlight doesn't bring forth these blemishes as readily as the real thing, but such seems to be the case.

The machines are also a marvellous way of getting your skin accustomed to sunlight and making your first days at the seashore more pleasant and abandoned than they would be otherwise.

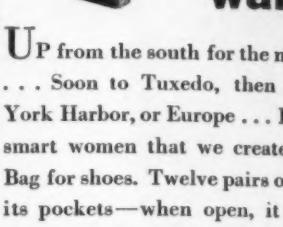
AT the Salon Bertie, 695 Fifth Avenue, a particularly expert job in tanning, either locally or in the entirety, is done under a special lamp in six treatments. In addition, the girls who administer the really excellent facial here are also skillful at adapting the new cosmetics to your changing coloring. For Bertie is one of the most expert in applying makeup after the treatment, either for street or for evening. The operators here will give you new ideas about the possibilities of your face and how to make the most of them.

IF you want to fake your tan, reserving the healthy look for sports clothes and bathing suits and retaining a creamy pallor for evening, there are hundreds of preparations at your disposal, all of them requiring more than the usual amount of care for successful application. In the first place, guard against affecting a makeup that is too



We knew what they wanted

UP from the south for the northern spring . . . Soon to Tuxedo, then Southampton, York Harbor, or Europe . . . It was for these smart women that we created the Bradka Bag for shoes. Twelve pairs of shoes fit into its pockets—when open, it is hung on a door, ready for selection. Dustproof, beautifully made of selected leather with steel spring wire and solid brass fittings. Lined with fine corduroy. The smartest department and shoe stores sell Bradka Bags. If your shop is not supplied, write us for information.



Schmickle & Bryan, Inc. 873 Broadway, New York are the exclusive licensed manufacturers and distributors of Bradka Bags.

BRADKA BAGS

Patented under U. S. patents 1505149-50. Other patents pending. Protected by Amer. Pat. Pro. Corp.

many shades darker than your own. Even experts cannot seem to avoid that muddy yellow look around the mouth that deepens as the hours pass by. You can partly escape this by using a light powder before you dust on the dark one, but not entirely. Second, watch the hairline, where dark make-up cakes, watch the areas underneath the jaw, and train husband, maid, or girl friend to make the back match the face. Third, use a brilliant geranium lipstick and cheek rouge—dark ones make the face look dirty and sunken. (Cheek rouge is usually not necessary and tends to look too artificial for beauty, so be careful with it.) Fourth, Elizabeth Arden's counsel to use a blue eye-shadow, regardless of coloring, is a good one. With brown or black, eyes tend to recede in a dark face.

THE excellence of Arden products, by the way, needs no introduction to women-about-town. She has recently brought forth a whole new collection for producing a tanned appearance where none grew before, and my advice is either go to her salon and have an expert try out the combination that best suits you or buy them all and experiment for yourself. The first in the new series is an Arden bronze, a skin stain that dries evenly and gives you a light beige tone that does not mar the white satin evening frock—nor does it come off in the ocean. The second product is a bronze version of Arden's famous Lille lotion. The third is a protector cream that is waterproof, sunproof, and all the rest of it. You can use one, two, or all three according to your individual skin and the depth of color you wish to achieve. After them comes powder, ranging from Minerva, which is a very light tan shade, to the new light and dark bronze shades.

EMILE of the Barbizon is giving a new permanent wave that has the virtue of falling, without the tedium of a finger-wave, into its correct place after being washed. You can have a long wave or a crinkly one, a curly one or the faintest of ripples. I have stood with a critical eye over the pioneers of his method while they washed their hair, and it honestly works. Which item, for busy women who have too little time to put their hair in combs whenever it happens to need them, is really worth looking into.

OLGA FRANCES, 685 Madison Avenue, is a paradise for those who

DOBBS

A Swagger
SUIT
FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

A long coat suit that has many claims to chic. The imported checked tweed is unusually fine and soft—the jersey blouse is sleeveless and the jersey scarf is cleverly slipped through the coat collar. In lacquer red-and-beige with a beige blouse, navy-and-beige with eggshell, pinehurst green with green.

$110

One of the many suits from Dobbs outstanding collections. Dobbs has exceptional facilities for creating suits to your individual order.

The Hat—Dobbs Glenside *of Lightweight Felt $22.50*

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

Duo-Sette
Never in recent years has woman had such an opportunity to make her figure look young as now—in these Lily of France new creations! This season—if one be clever—and be fitted to the Duo-Sette—she can have all the curves of youth!
Any quality store will fit you!
Lily of France
1115 Broadway, New York City

want very inexpensive clothes that are well-styled, nicely made, and free of the usual feather flowers and doodads that ordinarily clutter up the $16.50 bargain. She has brought forth a grand collection for spring, which includes some perfectly charming plain or printed crêpe dresses at $19.75 (look for some in a splashy black and chartreuse Poiret print) and ensemble suits at $25. In the latter group you will find two-piece dresses in a tiny print, with sailor collars that come out over a kasha coat lined with the print; coats of English tan oxford tweed over prints, reversible crêpe and scarf coats worn over dresses having a plain jumper and scarf-print skirt, and so on. A black, brown, or navy crêpe coat with the revers collar extending into a shoulder cape in back, fine to wear over summer prints, costs $15.

Also, you may have felt hats cut on your head, copying your wornout favorite or carrying out your own or the designer's ideas, for $8.50. This in any color to match the frock of your choice, and finished for you while you wait half an hour. The shop, be it known, is a find for a woman who is small in stature as well as in pocketbook, for the sizes run from twelve to eighteen.

DOROTHY GRAY has recently introduced a new finishing lotion—a mild liquid powder that is applied to the skin after the various cleansing processes. It really gives a velvety luminous finish without any of the waxwork look that little ladies dread. This comes in five shades—blonde, natural, rachel, aureate, and orchid (for evening); the tan shade is still to come. On arms and neck and shoulders its purpose is to give a pearly look without rubbing off on the partner's dinner jacket, and it is intended to enhance your own natural coloring and not alter it in any way.

FOR the onrushing springtide, Primrose House has a new mild astringent, a freshener that stimulates the skin without being too drastic for a very tender one. —L. L.

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Responding to their requests that he address them, Mr. Kohler will speak to the townspeople in the village he conceived and built Monday noon.—*Janesville (Wis.) Star.*

Going, we assume, without luncheon.

compacte le Début

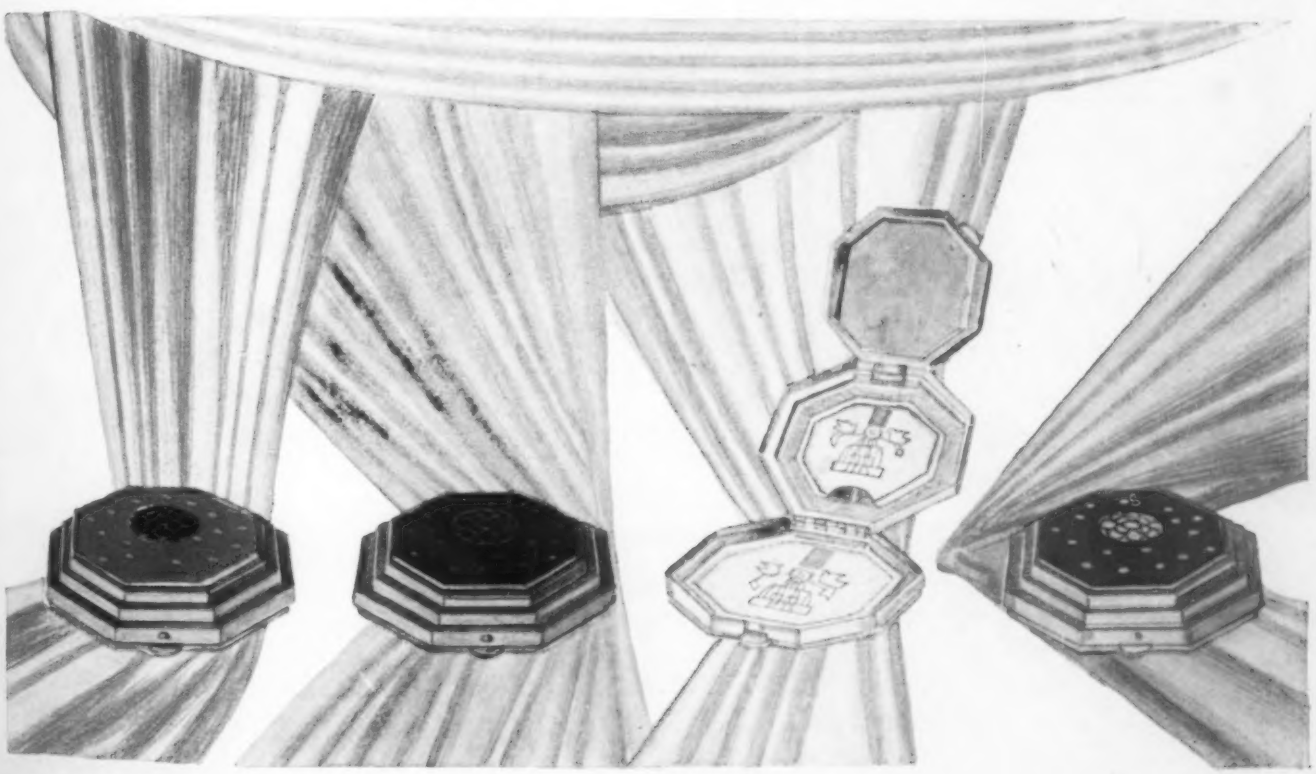
Spring in Paris . . . and Fashion sets the pace! Every coutourier stresses the importance of harmonious detail and a meticulous concern for appointments. So, *Compacte le Début*—which has been designed to carry out the costume ensemble idea—is distinctly in and of the mode.

And a smart little octagon *compacte* it is . . . topped with genuine *cloisonné* in four colors — blue, green, ivory white, or jet black . . . so that you may match or accent your every frock.

And the rouge and powder within—both refillable —are scented with the true *le Début odeur* . . . a delicately combined fragrance of French origin that expresses the woman of Today—her smartness and her femininity.

At all the better shops, Compacte le Début, $5.00. (Also comes in simple dotted enamel top, $2.50).

RICHARD HUDNUT



what a whale of a difference
just a few *drops* make

Yes . .
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents *make*

. . . a definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

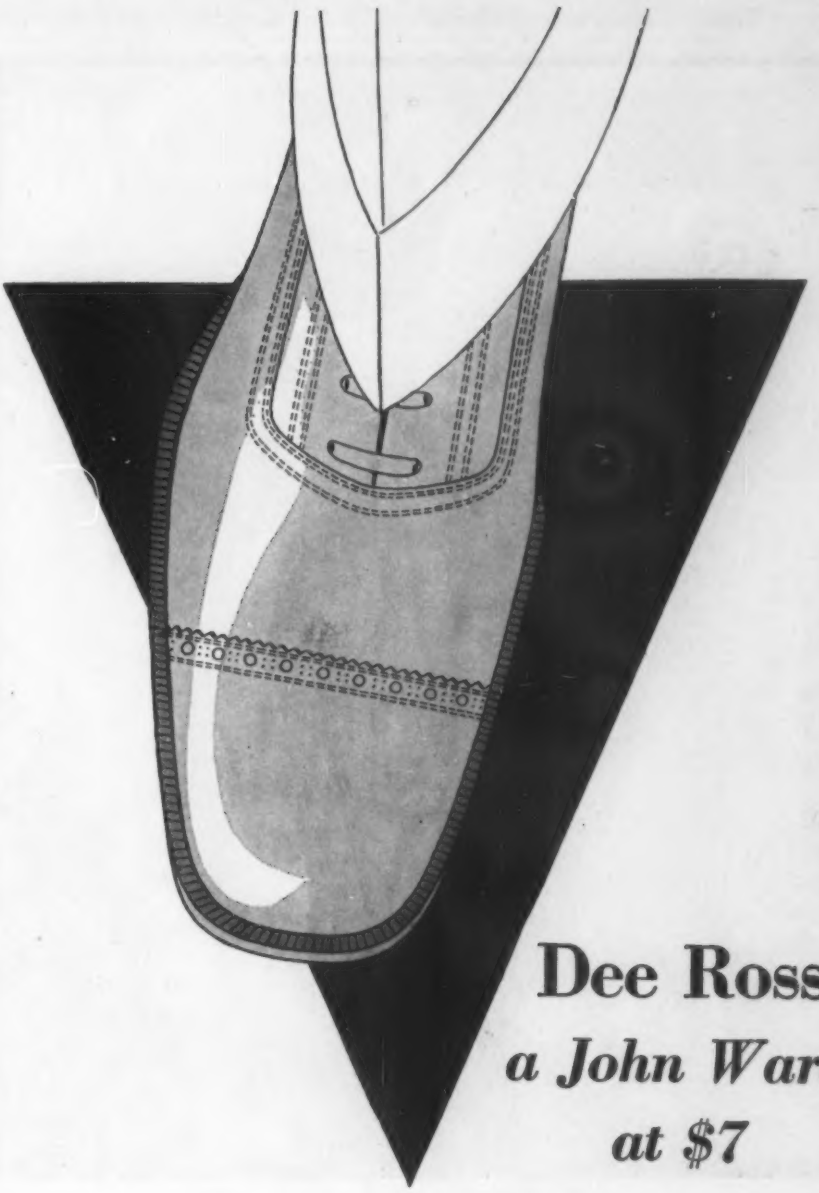
HOCKEY

Visits from Losers—Mr. Mannion's Cat — Hay, Hay—Spots on the Ice

HOCKEY coaches had been watching Toronto long before it showed signs of giving the Rangers competition. A team which is being written about and talked about but which is not at the head of its division is generally and romantically known as a dark horse. Toronto was a dark horse mainly because at the beginning of the season its rating was less than its abilities seemed to make reasonable. The Toronto players were young and fast, like the Rangers; Ace Bailey and Andy Blair were among the most effective scorers in the league, and the hockey experts who pointed out these facts experienced the satisfaction peculiar to successful prophets as they watched Toronto move up point by point into the playoffs.

STANDING at attention while "The Maple Leaf Forever" was played in the Garden on Sunday night, the Rangers knew that no matter how their second playoff series turned out, they had already secured a victory just as important from a local point of view as winning the Stanley Cup. None of them had worn skates since beating the Americans three nights before. After the great strain of a game which had lasted, with extra periods, for nearly two hours, Lester Patrick let them take a rest.

BILL DWYER, owner of the Americans, had made a lot of noise about his team. He made it by buying big blocks of seats for his friends in the end-arena boxes and giving them paper hats and tin rattles. He had a feeling that the Rangers, on their home ice, would be favored by the crowd, and that his own boys needed some specialized support. What was more, he promised them a thousand dollars apiece if they won. Once, in that long overtime period, when Leo Reise lifted the puck past Roach and the red light went on behind the Ninth Avenue goal, it looked as if his team was safe, but the goal was disallowed. Dwyer sat down again and saw the Rangers win. As soon as the teams had left the ice he went to the Ranger



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dressing-room and shook hands all around, his blue eyes twinkling and his shiny red face twisted around a dead cigar.

IN hockey, the congratulations paid by losers to a winning team of a deciding series are more than stencils. Players for some reason attach a real importance to the stereotyped handshakes and expressions of good-will. If anyone on a beaten team fails to come to his opponents' dressing-room after a game, his delinquency is sure to be noticed. Has So-and-So been in yet? There is a silence, then someone answers significantly, no, So-and-So has not been in yet. Has Conacher? Sure, Conacher shook hands right on the ice. The veterans, though they get dressed faster than the young players, pay more attention to breaches of ritual.

HOCKEY-PLAYERS are bound by other codes besides their formal sportsmanship. Like most athletes they are very superstitious. They regard whistling as a bad omen and will neither do it nor listen to it. On cats, opinion is divided. Concerning a black cat crossing your path at night—or in the daytime either for that matter—such a cat can have only one meaning. In other circumstances cats are not always baneful. Eddie Mannion, the Garden watchman, has a cat called Ranger. For a while this cat was believed to be potent with good luck. One night before a big game it wandered out to the dressing-room. The team won. Before the next game the cat did not come of its own free will, so the stick-boy was sent to find it. Every player touched it before going on the ice and the team won again. After that the Rangers never played in the Garden without having the cat in the dressing-room, and each man, when he got his skates on, would approach it warily and play with it for a few seconds.

The Rangers kept on winning and the fame of the cat spread round the hockey circuit. Other teams wanted to make alliance with the silent witch who spent her time dozing beside Eddie Mannion's chair. A Toronto boy made a secret agreement with Mannion, and the next time a litter of kittens was drowned in one of the Garden mop-buckets one kitten was kept alive and taken north a few nights later in the private car of the Maple Leafs. That week the Toronto team lost three games. The next week it

lost two more. The kitten was sent back to Mannion. I never heard what became of it. The Rangers too were losing, and stopped paying attention to the mother cat.

HAY became the New York team's next superstition—a blade of lucky hay grabbed out of a cart drawn by two white horses going in your own direction. Two young men motoring to Boston for the playoffs last year snatched the first of it on the Post Road. They gave it to the team. After beating Boston, the Rangers lost a game in Montreal. More hay was sent by special delivery. Everyone on the team had some of it. Patrick had a wad of it in his pads the night he took Lorne Chabot's place as goalie. You can't beat lucky hay. Al Frazin, the announcer, got some on a Connecticut road last week. He drove around all day before he found it, but no labor was too great. The team had to have lucky hay for the playoffs, and such hay is best when it is fresh.

IN spite of all that hay could do, both teams struggled on Sunday night against a difficulty that always turns up at playoff time—bad ice. Warm weather and the animal heat of the big crowds bring out brown spongy spots of wetness, spreading like rust in the surface of the rink. Never more than four inches deep, the ice in those dark places shrinks to two inches. Sometimes a skate cuts down to the concrete and a player falls in a helpless way more dangerous than any trip or body-check. In McNally's room during the intermission, the referees discussed the problem. Somebody would break his ankle in a place like that, and then who'd pay for it? They shook their heads, but by degrees the fortitude of referees—who know how to combat unfavorable circumstances—made them feel better. While the crowd waited for a continuation of one of the climaxes of the present season, the referees sat in the little room, speaking of the old days of the game, and of the time the Canora Thistles beat the Silver Seven. —N. B., Jr.

•

JEANNE EAGELS of stage and screen will be starred in a new one by Paramount called "Jealousy" . . . It has only two characters . . . . Carter's Little Liver Pills —*Cleveland paper.*

Which one does she play?

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INDOOR POLO

Harvard Brawn — Half-point Victories —A Hardy Veteran

Riding Off

BRUTE force still has its place in sport despite the technicians. Harvard became the new intercollegiate indoor-polo champion largely because Forrester Clark is probably the biggest of all polo players. An insatiable athlete, he not only was tackle on the Harvard football team, but manages to serve as captain of the crew and the indoor-polo team as well, all of which can be explained by his huge physique. In fact he looks not a little the way Jess Willard did when in action, with the exception that Clark is really rather more ferocious-looking.

Harvard and Pennsylvania Military College met in the finals of the college championships, and played with a fine frenzy. P.M.C., defending its title, brought along a band, a parade, a terrific amount of noise, and a polo team that held its formations splendidly, hit well, and, truth to tell, played a trifle better than Harvard almost through the entire game. It had, though, one serious failing. There was no player on the team that weighed within twenty or thirty pounds as much as the giant Harvard back.

The game was a fascinating exhibition of polo, for there was never any slackening. It was a boxer against a slugger, and in the end the boxer was worn down. Clark impartially bounces men and ponies all over the ring. He is constantly on the point of falling off

Foul

his mounts, for he turns them around mainly by brute force, and almost invariably a stride or two before they should be turned. The last and winning chukker of the final period of the college championship, which was typical, went something like this: With

Winston Guest

the score 6–3½, Clark passes to Glynn; Clark passes to Gerry; Clark takes the ball in front of his own goal, roars up the ring alone, bounces two opponents off his careening frame, and makes the winning point. There is still more than a minute to play and P.M.C. works into a scoring position, but Clark storms into this and wipes it away, using his pony as a sort of whirling scythe.

It was not always polo that the collegians were playing, but it was always sensational and the walls of the Armory held an uproar that lasted almost from the start to the finish. Each year these college teams put on the fiercest sort of polo and, quite often, some of the best games of the tourneys.

ON the whole all the tournament play has been exciting. Two or three of the lower-class games were won by half points, and then, of course, there was the defeat of Winston Guest and his Optimists as the final bell sounded. It was a striking last-period rally by Archy Kinny's Allenhurst trio that did the trick. Milton Kornblum, his shoulder hurt so that his reins and mallet had to be manipulated with one hand, rode to three goals, including the famous final one.

Though defeated, the Optimist team was remarkable as a combination. Its average age could not have been more than twenty-one, with Raymond Guest

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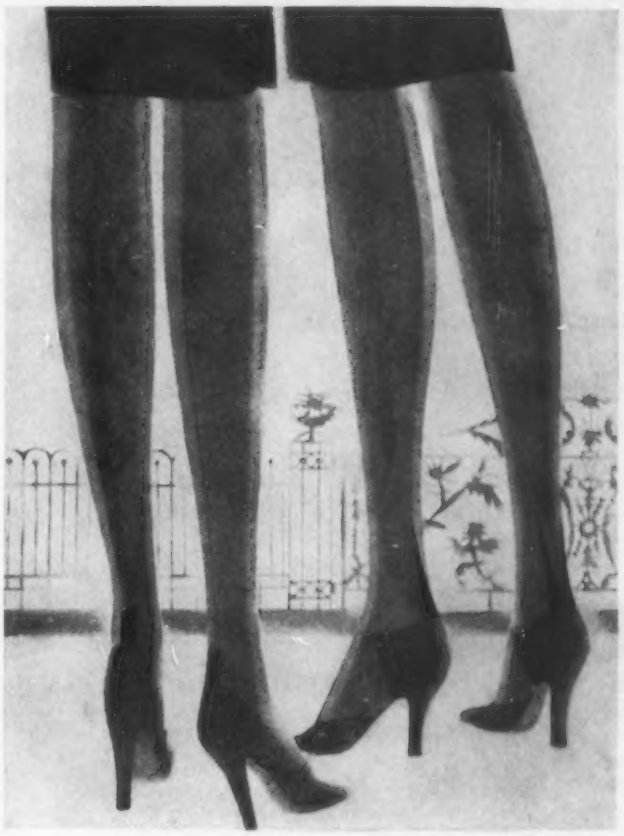

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at No. 1 and Stewart Iglehart at back. There were no unusual flukes in the game and it was superbly played.

WITH Gerry Smith, Winston Guest, and a few others always receiving notice, the name of Kinny has been too often passed over. Kinny has been playing indoor polo ever since it started. He was a member of the first team to win the National title; and a good many years ago he, George Sherman, and Herbert Winn played on the Blackbirds, and won so often they were forced to break up the combination.

Sherman now plays occasional easy polo and is honorary president of the association; Winn is no longer in high-goal play. Kinny, however, continues to romp cheerfully around the ring, his face almost always wearing an enigmatic grin. He never wastes himself, but he has a most amazing knowledge of when to storm in. His team for the Open was nicely balanced. Lieutenant Jones played great polo at back, and altogether they were too much for Guest.

AT THE CHAMPIONSHIPS: Arthur Borden at the sideboards roaring advice and encouragement to the lesser Princeton teams. . . . Major F. D. Sharpe of Harvard rushing out to take the college trophy from Clark's hands and bringing it back for his wife to see. . . . Beadles Albright walking with two canes, the result of a crash when his team stopped Harvard in the Open. . . . Sackman sporting a blue helmet. . . . The new rule stopping play on the final bell, and the referee's dramatic shake of the head disallowing that final P.M.C. goal. —MARTINGALE

•

WEST FARMS JOTTINGS

THE circus has been a pleasant visitor to West Farms this week, playing in the new Coliseum at 177th Street and Devoe Avenue.

Friends of Miss Lillian Leitzel will be glad to hear she is recovering from an attack of "the la grippe."

We hear that Capt. E. W. Witwell who built the fine Coliseum at 177th Street got his roof trusses from the Sesqui Centennial. Pretty slick, Capt.

Ye scribe was a pleasant visitor to the circus this week.

Miss Lillian Leitzel was the pretty bride last fall of Mr. Alfredo Codona, the flying trapezist. Mr. Codona will be remembered by readers for his

triple somerset, being caught in the hands of his brother.

One of the llamas in the Ringling Bros. circus refused to jump over the hurdle the other evening, much to the amusement of your correspondent. A man in a hunting jacket led it away.

Albert, an elephant of the combined Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey circus, which has been paying us a visit, died recently at his home. Cremation was held in the presence of a few close friends.

That's a nice yellow shirt that Con Colleano wears who does that high wire act. Where d'you get it, Con?

Gasps of wonder that were heard the other eve. when a man was carried by his head in the mouth of an huge elephant were traced to your correspondent, who hadn't ever seen that trick before.

A mighty pretty grouping was the marble-like human posturers called "The Spirit of Flight" at Ringling Bros. circus here, the aviatress in the group even wearing white goggles we noticed.

Goliath, the sea elephant, is back in town after an extended stay in Sarasota. He gained 900 pounds.

Our handsome new "coliseum" will be given over to the fistic art April 12. Who says West Farms isn't up and coming?

Freaks of this vicinity have been entertained lately by Eko and Iko, visitors in town.

West Farms visitors to the "greatest show on earth" this week were thrilled by the "human projectile." Mr. Zacchini is an Italian and shot from the mouth of an huge cannon dressed like an aviator to land in a net. This was a very thrilling spectacle to all who witnessed same, the suspense before going off of the gun being almost more than mortal man could bear and little children held their ears all around us in terror of the "detonation" of the immense weapon. Mr. Zacchini truly comes forth from the muzzel of the gun with breath-taking celerity, traveling through an arc of 200 hundred feet where he lands in a net dazed. Ye scribe did a little sleuth work after it was all over and can report that the loud "detonation" and livid flash of fire and smoke has nothing to do with the Italian's swift flight through the ether, he being given his start by compressed air. Wonder why?

The circus leaves for an extended stay in Manhattan on Easter Monday.

—ELMER HOSTETTER

THE EVERGLADES ENSEMBLE —favored for general daytime wear—is a flattering long coat of "La Loie Silvel" worn over a figured silk frock of harmonizing colors.

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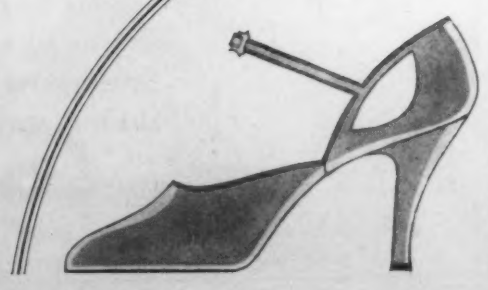

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THE TERRIER TRAIT

Methinks it smacks o' foolishness
To tax a Scot wi' mulishness,
Since firmness in the Hielands is esteemed;
'Tis little short o' scandalous,
The way some humans handle us
For clinging to the quest o' dreams we've dreamed!

Some pups, wi' more audacity
Than canny perspicacity,
Run, yelping, at each car that rolls near by;
While others, melancholical,
Wake echoes diabolical
By baying at the moon-ball in the sky!

Still others' infelicity,
Is lack o' domesticity—
The open road, resistless in its call—
Each has his whims vagarious,
And each, though not nefarious,
Calls down much caustic comment on us all!

Now I have one propensity
Considered an immensity
By sundry folk who fail to understand:
With promptitude punctilious
I chivvy supercilious
And saucy feline foes—*to beat the band!*

With some contrition (relative!)
I reap the meed flagellative
Of those whose conduct fails their lords to suit;
But when detentions terminate,
And new temptations germinate,
Do I eschew a' cats?—*I hae ma doot!*

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

TECHNIQUE

"I DON'T suppose it's exactly a thing to discuss this way but I think I owe my success with women (such as it is, ha, ha,) to one thing—the fact that I've studied them. Yes, sir, women have to be studied, just like you'd study a science or a business."

"You mean psychologically?"

"That's it. Psychologically. Take our case. Now of course you and I aren't exactly deformed or anything . . ."

"Let's be frank. After all this is supposed to be an intelligent discussion."

"All right, let's say that we're both fairly good-looking, and pretty decently built. Of course there are probably

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fellows who are better-looking than we are."

"Sure. Naturally."

"You take this bird Conway—you know the guy. But why is it that fellows like that don't get the women that we could. Obviously because we've got the psychology on him. Now take one way a fellow like that might make a mistake. He probably thinks he's got to be very deferential with a girl. You know, play up to her. Flatter her."

"I suppose he does. Yes."

"Absolutely. But do *they* see it that way? Now I've known a few girls who've been—well—in love with me. Not many, of course, but still . . ."

"Enough."

"Enough. And why? Well, the essential thing is that women want a man who can dominate them. Am I right? Of course I'm right. So instead of hanging on every word they say, I pretend I'm just a little bit bored. You know? And then I say nasty things—in a kind of indirect way, of course, so's they can't get sore. Not insulting, exactly. But if anybody else said it . . . you know? . . . it *would* sound insulting. That makes them think all the more of you."

"Certainly. *They* think they're pretty good, and if you pretend that they're not quite so good . . . why then, as far as they're concerned, *you* must be pretty damn good!"

"Sure. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"WHILE we're being perfectly frank with each other—funny how a couple of drinks can make you talk, isn't it?—I might as well admit that I'm sort of, well, fairly successful with women myself. I suppose that sounds pretty conceited . . ."

"Don't be ridiculous! If there's one thing I hate, it's false modesty. Suppose a thing is flattering. If it's true why not say so? God, this is supposed to be an intelligent discussion, isn't it?"

"Exactly. And I was going to say—all this subtle stuff we've been discussing is well enough. But it's almost too subtle. After all, there's one *basic* thing you mustn't forget."

"What's that?"

"First, last, and always—you must appeal to a woman, *essentially* . . ."

"Yes?"

"Through her *vanity!*"

"Oh well, that goes without saying."

—T. H. WENNING

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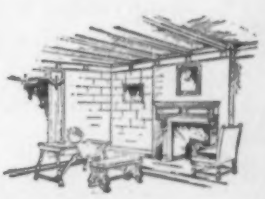

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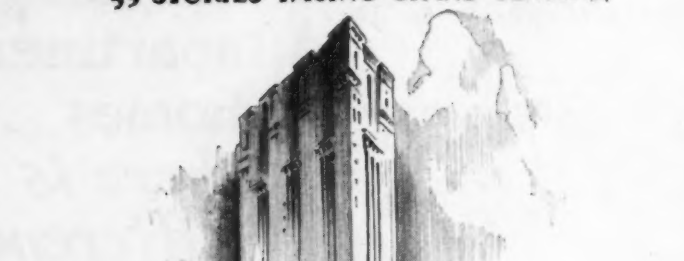

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THE ART GAL

A Preponderance of Women

ON the merit of two or three canvases in Katherine Schmidt's current show at the Daniel Gallery we would be willing to stake her to a place in the list of America's ten best painters. Somewhere during the past year Miss Schmidt has made the transition foreshadowed by several of her still lifes of last season. There are only one or two pictures in the old form, relics of her school period. Her most recent canvas, "The White Pitcher," indicates with a new richness of palette that she is still intent on further progress.

While her most serious work, "Nude with Two Angels," will bear the most study, we imagine that several of the smaller ones will find a quicker response from the public. The large canvas is essentially a painter's picture. You find the accomplishment of all that one is taught, and that the fine painter essentially absorbs and gives out later only unconsciously. Perhaps so much seriousness has left its imprint on the canvas; there is a quality apparent that is absent from several of the other studies.

In the "Seated Nude" and "Lily at the Door," there is as much fine painting and an added spirit of spontaneity. The latter piece we believe to be one of the finest things the artist has done. It has a tonal perfection and nuance that reminds one much of the primitives. The "Lilies and Laurel" is a fine bit of direct painting. The "Fruit" canvas we feel is not as happily arranged as some of the others, too much space being allotted to non-essentials. In the "Club House," Miss Schmidt goes back a step to the old manner (perhaps she will for a time, whenever she gets out-of-doors) but she has lost some of it in "Diana," a superb piece of restrained composition.

All of the pictures are in a higher key than formerly and are consequently much richer. It will be interesting to watch Miss Schmidt, now that she has broken the bonds of the teacher and has learned to soar but, aside from her rosy promise, we feel that what she has already done stands as a fine accomplishment.

YOU will probably enjoy the exhibit of Jane Berlandina at the Brummer Gallery. If you have never

ART GALLERIES

Women—Potter's Dream

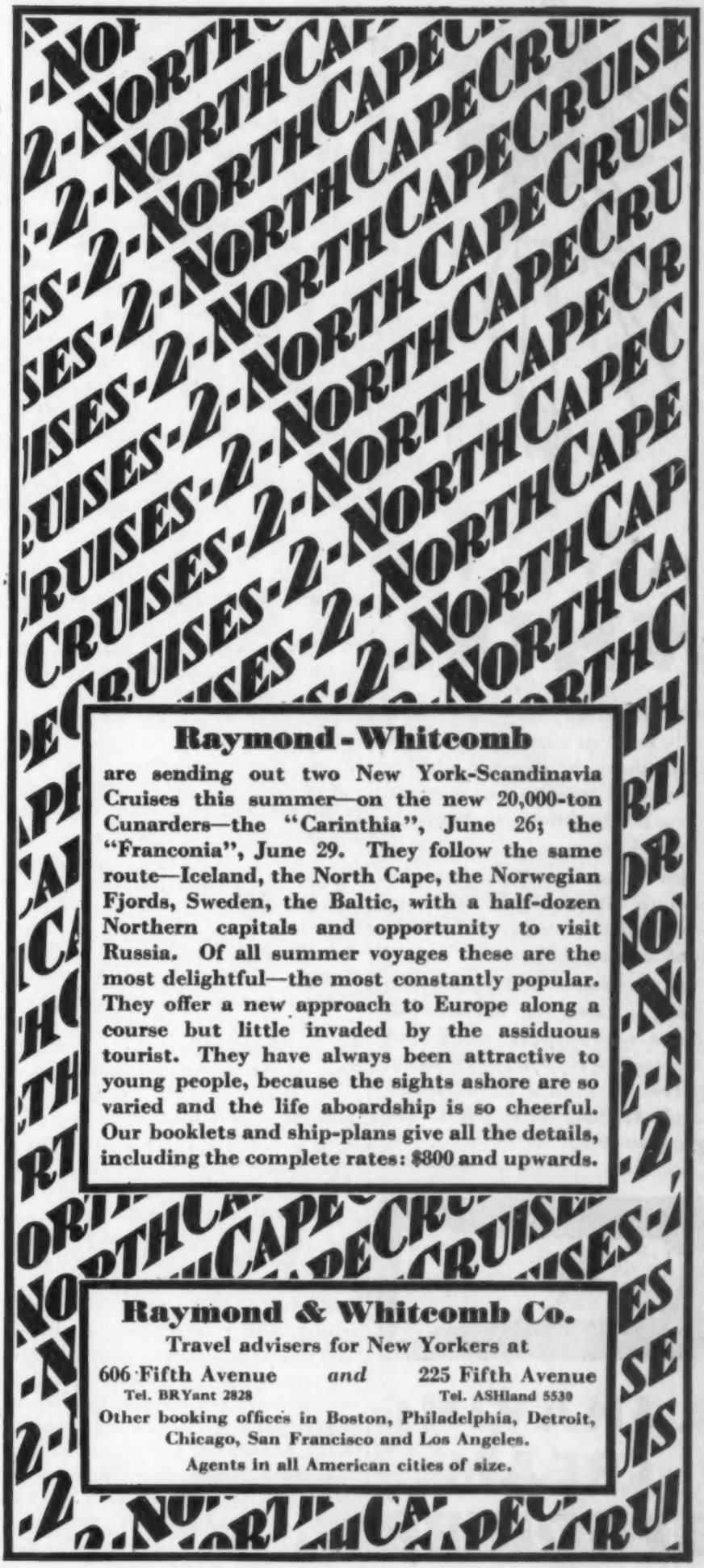
seen Raoul Dufy you will gasp at this exhibit and wonder why no one has ever told you about art before. The shrewd foreword to the catalogue makes no mention of the French humorist, but we do not see how Mlle. Berlandina could have grown up in France and not come under his direct influence. However, here she is, and hers is a happy art. To us she is as refreshing as the bloom of the chestnut trees along the Champs-Elysées. She takes a million or so rules and throws them down the sink, and then with quick shorthand jabs gives you the essence of what she is thinking. Marin does the same thing in this country, but Marin so seldom smiles. Berlandina is laughing most of the time. That she knew the rules before she discarded them is apparent by the fine design of her "The Green Boat" or the "Fish-market at St. Tropez." What she can do with a line or two is evident in "The Hudson River" and "The Red Fish."

THE annual show of H. Varnum Poor, who has always been our weakness, ends at the Montross Gallery March 30. Poor is about a century or so ahead, or perhaps it is behind, the current generation. Anyway, he is content to be a true artist and to plug along with some clay, the principles of design, and a bake-oven, and see what comes out of the fire.

Two thousand years from now his latest pieces may find themselves mixed with the Mings and the Persians. Poor has finally come upon the potter's dream, the copper red that is granted only to the anointed. It has taken years of experiment to discover it and his first successes come from this season's kiln.

Included in the show are some concessions to the modern, but for the most part the pieces are shaped in the forms sanctioned by time.

PEGGY BACON is the salt of any season. Her annual show is on at the Weyhe Gallery and if you, as a component part of the human race, can stand having a little fun poked at you, this is your meat. Miss Bacon is one of the most bitter of the satirists allowed to live in this country. Yet she seems to flourish, and is never chided for her unswerving loyalty to truth; maybe ours is a brave race that


2-NORTHCAPECRUISES
Raymond-Whitcomb
are sending out two New York-Scandinavia Cruises this summer—on the new 20,000-ton Cunarders—the "Carinthia", June 26; the "Franconia", June 29. They follow the same route—Iceland, the North Cape, the Norwegian Fjords, Sweden, the Baltic, with a half-dozen Northern capitals and opportunity to visit Russia. Of all summer voyages these are the most delightful—the most constantly popular. They offer a new approach to Europe along a course but little invaded by the assiduous tourist. They have always been attractive to young people, because the sights ashore are so varied and the life aboardship is so cheerful. Our booklets and ship-plans give all the details, including the complete rates: $800 and upwards.
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RIGHT IN THE WHIRL

SOME of these very full days hardly leave us any time. Have to gallop through shaving with a hustle—and trust to luck—*or*, if you're in the know, to Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Time doesn't matter when you brush up with Squibb's. It always does a cool, thorough, comfortable job of shaving.

Try it. You'll find your razor singing a song of smoothness. What a real surprise you'll find in the mellow comfort—the soothing freshness of a good Squibb shave! All drug stores sell it. 40c a generous tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

can stand the gaff if the aim is fair. When we say Miss Bacon is bitter, we do not mean that she is frustrate. Rather, she is an accurate reporter, and in a country of sweetened idealism her record seems all the more biting.

Her present show contains many illustrations from various books she has illuminated. These follow the text and supply beauty of line and design. In her intimate portraits, such as "Bucolic Felicity," "A Few Ideas," and "Li'l Black Blow Ball," she is at her acid best. However, she never allows the torment of the human scene to run away with the hard-and-fast rules of her medium. Peggy Bacon is a genius and we think it to the country's credit that she is recognized as such.

AN exhibit of photographs by Paul Strand, at the Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, is worth consideration. What Mr. Strand contributes to the world of art is a consummate knowledge of composition and a feeling for texture. His greatest achievement, then, must be in selectivity. He brings to your notice certain arrangements of matter, composed by nature and bounded by the horizons of his camera. Rich spiritual values or deeper content we cannot grant, but Mr. Strand remains to us a superb connoisseur of forms and delicate arrangements.

THE quiet charm of French classics is yours at the Wildenstein Galleries, if you are in that mood. The show is for the benefit of the Paris College of New York University. While not particularly exciting, the exhibition is rich in Chardin, Pater, Fragonard, and Greuze, and contains some of the works of Largillière recently shown in Paris. It is an unusual opportunity to see these masters.

AT THE OTHER GALLERIES: The Sixth Opportunity Show at the Art Center has no new paintings. It is a résumé of the season, hung in preparation for an auction which will be held the night of April 15. . . . We would like all students to look in at the Public Library's show of Daumier drawings, the best display the city has ever had of the master. . . . An exhibition of Irish art is at the Helen Hackett Gallery. . . . The annual show of the Academy of Design is on at the Academy's temple in Fifty-seventh Street. . . . H. Ary Stillman has an exhibit at the Ainslie Galleries until April 12. —M. P.

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READY FOR OCCUPANCY EARLY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1929

The building is to be of Georgian architecture, adapted to the excellent exposure to sunlight and air afforded by the location of the plot. No expense is being spared to secure the best in planning, construction and the installation of every up-to-date convenience.

Tenants now leasing have the option of selecting their own decorative schemes... planning larger apartments ...and duplex apartments if construction has not progressed too far. Typical floor plans and price range may be had on application.

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THE SKY LINE

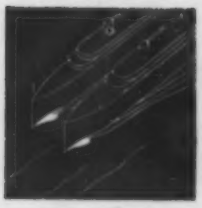
Mentions and Awards —Club With a Court Finance Made Painless

THE open season for medals continues. At the recent dinner of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects it was announced that the medal for new apartment houses, seven stories or over, had been given to 3 East Eighty-fourth Street, jointly designed by John Mead Howells and Raymond Hood. This is a charming little building in which the contemporary style is handled with fine restraint. The single façade is interesting in composition and almost devoid of ornamentation other than that supplied by the structural divisions. Three vertical tiers of windows are balanced by a wider opening in which the windows are bayed. The spaces between the successive window-heads and the sills above are sheathed in lead, with low-relief detail, well colored. Straight pylons rise between these openings, setting back to a penthouse above the ninth floor. This is a carefully studied, sensitively felt design, worthy of the award it has received.

Handsome entrance doors in black and silver lead to quite a gay little lobby, with blue-gray walls enlivened by bright brass lighting fixtures; the same amusing treatment is carried into the elevators. The resplendent porter and starter, also decorated in blue and brass, took evident pride in showing their new surroundings.

THE Institute medal for smaller apartment houses, six stories or less, went to the Thomas Garden Apartments at 840 Mott Avenue. These excellent brick structures, of a simple semi-suburban character suitable to their location, were designed by Andrew J. Thomas.

Honorable mention was won by the Morgan Studios, Inc., for their apartment at 169 East Seventy-eighth Street. Its elevation has the merit of simplicity and suggests a splendidly lighted interior, but the varying levels of windows in a comparatively narrow façade are rather confusing. There are ten windows in the vertical tiers at the ends of the building to only



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is a good way to describe your passage, for night life will be a feature of these two sensational liners, what with chic restaurants on the sun (or moon) decks, far away from the residential sections of the ship, and no curfew, or any other impediments to pleasure.....

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SATURDAY TEA DANCES
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Come unto me ye weary, sore, distressed,
Picked on in Auction, at CONTRACT worse oppressed—
Come unto me and I will GIVE thee rest.
Come unto me, why lose BOTH time and money
Struggling to find the Land of Milk and Honey?
Come unto me and I will DO the rest.
STUDIO—LEONORI HOTEL
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ANNA PAVLOWA
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eight in the three centre tiers, so the general effect is somewhat scattered.

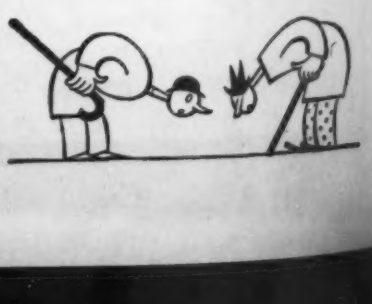
The gold medal awarded annually by the Chapter for distinction in professional practice was awarded to William M. Kendall, senior member of the firm of McKim, Mead & White.

APRIL will see the formal opening of the new clubhouse of the American Woman's Association, for whom Benjamin W. Morris has designed a large and admirably simple building at 353 West Fifty-seventh Street. It extends through the block north to Fifty-eighth. The architecture is almost factory-like—straightforward masses of brickwork, unadorned except for the classic entrance in Fifty-seventh Street, where we find the principal elevation, with small stores occupying the street level. The arched windows of the larger clubrooms are a feature of this front, the upper wall surfaces being further subdivided by the many bedrooms.

The deep court which lights the interior is an impressive element, with the girders and bridge which span the opening between the flanking masses of masonry. We are glad to see a court of this kind open to the street. It has its dramatic value and also gives the inner occupants a peek at the passing traffic, that they may know they are still in the city and not at the bottom of a well.

AN appropriately modern setting for the latest in interior decoration is a broker's office, as is well illustrated in the rooms of Hirsch, Lilienthal & Company at 724 Fifth Avenue. Forzina, Inc., designed them.

Everyone is "in the market" now, so you need not hesitate to take the elevator to the second floor, where you will find yourself in a pleasant lobby, lined with tawny yellow and black marble. This opens into the main office, where there are comfortably upholstered chairs whose leather is, perhaps, a shade too blue. The general effect of the environment, however, is of a beautiful blonde room, artfully lighted through ground glass along the ceiling beams and by the reflected light from the quotation-board. Lulled by the steady patter of the ticker and by the intonations



of the attendant acolytes, one may pass a peaceful half hour here—and perhaps make a little money. The floor is noteworthy—a clever arrangement of terrazzo arcs and segments, most harmonious in color and divided by minute lines of brass.

FURTHER down Fifth Avenue, at Fifty-second Street, the Plaza Trust Company is newly ensconced in a modern setting, though the only exterior indication of its modernity is the gold detail that brightens the main entrance, an ingenious and effective bit of design in which ships, railway engines, and stacked piles of coins are cleverly introduced. The new spirit rules the simple interior of the banking-room, where there is a fine feeling of openness, owing in large measure to the low desks unbarricaded by cages. Bank cages, we would say, however beautiful they may be in detail, are going. They will probably die hard, like the cornice and the column, but they are on their way.

This interesting interior, as well as the building which surrounds it, was designed by Helmle, Corbett & Harrison.

WE have received a pleasantly pungent note from a correspondent who signs himself "Art Nouvelle" and who says, referring to the New York Central Building:

"When all the feast is spread within (or words to that effect) why nods the drowsy worshipper outside? Let us go in and I will show you the elevators. You won't believe me when I tell you, but it is a fact that the architect has succeeded in cramming into the lifts all the best features of the earliest Pullman cars, the latest night clubs, the Chicago Post Office rotunda, the Palmer House barber shop, the Hoffman House bar, and the late mansion of the late Senator Clark. Why go clear over to Hoboken when you can sidle up to the New York Central Building and see a Victorian revival that *is* a revival?"

To which, in all honesty, we can only echo with a certain sadness, "Why, indeed?" —T-SQUARE

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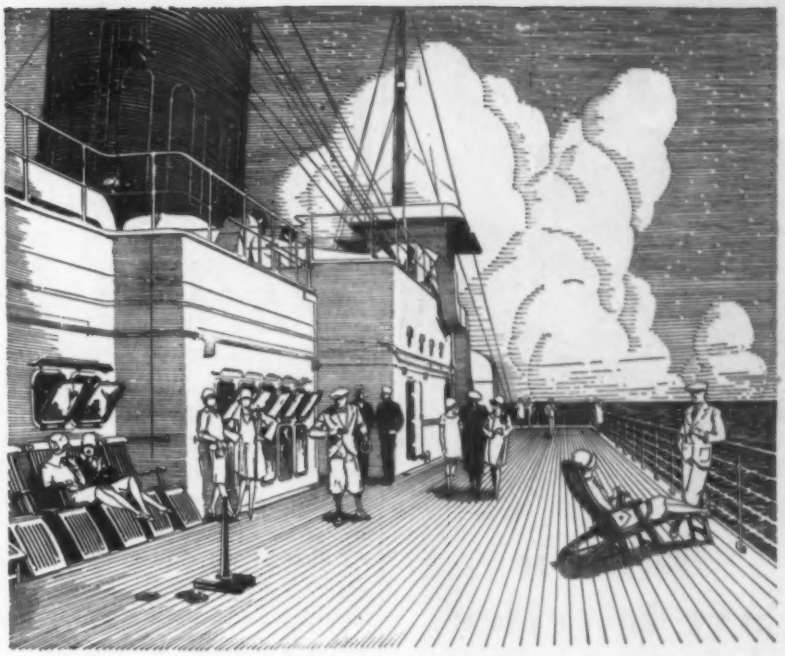
HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Times*]

NEW YORKER ACQUIRES BROWNING LOVE NOTES.

And three years ago we were a struggling little weekly.



Visit Europe now and sail on American ships

BOOKINGS for the coming season indicate the great popularity of United States Liners. The travel-wise have taken the hint: they're going over in April and May. They know that sailing in Spring means more room on board; a wider choice of accommodations; European hotels and resorts at their best; money saved everywhere because of lower rates.

Those experienced travelers who *have* to take their vacations in summer are selecting definite sailings *now*. They prefer American ships, and know why they are popular: courteous, attentive stewards who speak your own language; a famous cuisine; cozy, home-like, luxurious staterooms; highest American standards of comfort throughout the ships.

Your friends will recognize that you, too, are numbered among the travel-wise if you plan your trip at once on the speedy *Leviathan,* the largest liner in the world; or on one of the delightful American cabin ships, *George Washington, America, Republic, President Harding,* or *President Roosevelt.*

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

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Modern Cave Dwellers Hail this Fresh Ocean Fish

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As easy to cook as bacon! 40-FATHOM* fish has been freed of heads, tails, backbones and waste. Only the sweet white tenderloin of the fish, washed and wrapped in parchment paper, comes into your home. Never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage.

Simply shake these tangy fillets out of their wrapping into the pan. In ten minutes—"as delicious and delicate a fish as we have ever served or tasted," says M. Diat, chef de cuisine, and M. Szarvas, maitre d'hotel, of New York City's exclusive Ritz-Carlton.

Messieurs Diat and Szarvas go still further in their approbation of 40-FATHOM fish—they reveal their own private methods of cooking it. May we send you a copy of their revelations?

New Yorkers who know their fish make sure that their meat or fish dealer gives them the package pictured below. Fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

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Please send free Recipe Book for 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

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IN CONFERENCE

I ATTENDED a conference the other day. It was an important conference. I don't know why I was asked to attend. I'd been taking care of our feminine clients for a whole year, telling them about coupons and compound interest, and that the George Smith Company bonds were *better* bonds, and no one had ever asked me to attend a conference before.

Then this bright Monday morning, somebody's stenographer came in and said, "Mr. Perkins said to tell you there will be a conference at nine-thirty and to please be there." Just like that. At nine-fifteen, and me with no powder on my nose. And no clean handkerchief. And wearing my old green dress. If I'd only worn my black dress, now, it wouldn't have been so bad.

I couldn't decide whether or not I should wear my hat. A hat might look more formal and dignified, I thought. Then I remembered that in church a woman is supposed to keep her head covered as a sign of reverence and submission. I decided not to wear my hat.

THE conference opened with Mr. Simms reading the minutes of some other conference.

I was asked if I would have a more comfortable chair.

The conference continued with Mr. Miller reading some reports.

I was asked if I would have a cigarette.

Mr. Miller finished his reports and Mr. Steadman began some more.

I was asked if I wanted a window opened.

Mr. Steadman finished his reports

• •

Yes, dear . . . . an Important Client . . . . I'll be late

How wonderful it is to be able, no matter where you are, to hear your phone ring, pick up *any* phone near you, and talk to the party calling you! Impossible, you say? Even in New York? . . . *but,* there *is* a newly-discovered method of maintaining *constant telephone communication.* Just call T-M-B, the Telephone Message Bureau, give your secret code number and *presto*—you get all the calls that have come in, both on your home and business phones, while they were unattended.

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We'll gladly let you in on how this magic works and how you can use it in many other ways.

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standard

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AGENTS

660 MADISON AVENUE

TELEPHONE REGENT 6600

and Mr. Pierce began to talk about a big new loan we were going to float.

I was asked if I wanted the door closed.

Mr. Pierce finished floating the loan, and Mr. Perkins began a summary of last year.

I was asked if the sun were shining in my eyes.

Mr. Perkins finished his summary of last year, and held up a sales chart.

I was asked if I could see the chart.

Mr. Perkins put down the chart and began a survey of this year.

I was asked if the smoke bothered me.

I BEGAN to realize that nothing much was expected of me. I began to suspect that I should have worn my hat. I wished I had eaten some breakfast. And had a clean handkerchief, a crisp, frilly one. I wondered if my nose were shiny. I decided that it was just as well I had on my green dress. The black one is pretty short.

I began to wonder why men get bald, why they frown and chew their cigars, when apparently God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world. I wondered about Mrs. Simms, and Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Steadman, and Mrs. Perkins. I had just begun to wonder about Mrs. Pierce, when it occurred to me that no one had asked me to marry him for almost a year. I wondered if I were growing old. I decided I ought to have a facial and get my hair cut. I ought to buy a red hat, too. Before next weekend. I remembered that I was going to see Jack next weekend. I wondered if I would ever want to marry him. I had almost fallen in love with him the last time we had luncheon together, but he ordered a vegetable plate. I couldn't marry a man who ordered vegetable-plate luncheons.

Still, he might have ordered it because there wasn't anything else on the menu that he liked. I ought to give him another chance. After all, he is the most amusing man I know, and about the only one who doesn't bore me inside of three hours. I decided to try to fall in love with him next Saturday. But if he ordered another vegetable-plate luncheon—

Well, there was always Bill. But he—

Just then I realized that Mr. Perkins was holding up another chart. I realized that he had just asked me if I had any ideas on the subject.

"No, I haven't," I replied, truthfully enough.

That seemed to break up the conference.

ON the way out, Mr. Perkins stopped me and said, "Drop into my office after lunch and we'll talk over some of the things which were brought out concerning your department. And you better attend these conferences regularly. You'll get a lot out of them."

I realized that I didn't know whether our business had been good or bad in 1928. I didn't know what loans we were going to float or what bonds we were going to issue in 1929. I didn't know who had reported what, or why the charts had been held up in the first place.

I guess I don't belong in business, after all. I guess a woman's sphere is really in the home, and that I ought to take up interior decorating.

—ELIZABETH CRAWFORD

• •

APRIL FOOL

A List of Recent Quaint Practical Jokes and Their Outcome, as Chronicled in the Daily Press

HABITAT	JOKER	JOKEE	JOKE	OUTCOME
Kansas City	Sam Strother	Joe Arvin	Fake holdup	Shot in leg.
Metropolis, Ill.	Mrs. J. Greer	Mr. J. Greer	Put carpet-tacks in his food	Divorce.
Lawrence, Kan.	D T D Fraternity	J. Barrick	Paddled with barrel stave	Fractured hand.
Chicago	R. Limbert	F. Kelly	Demonstrated the "quick draw"	Shot off finger.
London Zoo	Visitor	Ida*	Fed her 7 coins, 2 nails, 1 key, 1 spool	Decease.

*A lady ostrich

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

Silence

Every apartment dweller—every householder—who desires unusual silence, *plus proven reliability, plus entirely automatic operation,* in an electric refrigerator should see the new 1929 Kelvinator before making a choice.

For here, backed by 15 years of progressive experience, these qualities find fullest expression.

Kelvinator offers the widest choice of beautiful cabinets, sizes and combinations in the entire market—and you can buy on the basis you can afford, by means of Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

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THE RELIABLE KELVINATOR

"too blasting busy

or vice versa" said the clever cinema customer "for ordinary diversion... but never too busy for that entertainment displayed"

at the paramount

where
one hears the real lowdown on the highbinder in paramount's "chinatown nights"—with wallace beery as a white poppy

and
on the stage is "laces and graces" a murray anderson's flimzy revue with the paramount stage band as collective calliope

and
at the organs, the jesse crawfords tuning in teams, teeming with tunes, popular, pleasing

at the rivoli—united artists

douglas fairbanks speaking in "the iron mask"... not a microphone... but a united artists picture of pathos, bathos and aramis

at the rialto

is clara bow in paramount's "wild party" in which she speaks... surely not in protest... and now you can know the other half of "it"

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Two Lovely Ladies, Shady and Divine

THE new picture about Lady Hamilton, now showing at Warner Brothers' Theatre under the title of "The Divine Lady," is one of the pleasant films of the season. Adapted from the E. Barrington novel, its account of the celebrated Emma's friendship with Admiral Nelson is gentler romance than historians grant the actual affair, yet as a story the film is only a little drawn out, and as photography it is unusually effective.

Without any of those displays of temper or any manifestation of that shrewdness of mind said to have characterized the actual Emma, Corinne Griffith presents us with a beautiful Lady Hamilton, often managing to suggest the well-known portraits of the beauty who so disconcerted European society in her day. Miss Griffith is better in the earlier scenes, when she is still playing the hoyden, than later, when she is the great lady. Moreover, it is doubtful whether even the skillful Lady Hamilton of history could manage to look only sixteen throughout her whole life, but this is only an ungracious comment. Miss Griffith is a charming vision, and we must add that the songs she sings occasionally are delightfully done.

The great sea battles of Trafalgar and of Nelson's earlier career in the Mediterranean are among the best we have seen on the screen, and there is fine camera work in the scenes of the English countryside and in the glimpses of Naples and its bay.

THERE is nothing else among the new films to bother about. "The Shady Lady," which was shown at the Colony, is as inferior to "The Divine Lady" as its title is less pretentious. It will, however, beguile an idle hour with glimpses of Phyllis Haver looking pretty and blonde, and with its thriller story about gun-running in Havana.

You should never under any circumstances expose yourself to "The Great Power," a movie honored with presentation at the Capitol. It is

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et
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so it's natural that it is able to give them so easily and so well - - - whether it is for the children's school friends or a strictly adult affair.

spend *your* time being a charming and unruffled hostess, while your guests murmur "how does she do it?"

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one of the worst that our weird destiny has led us to see. About one of those ruthless Wolf of Wall Street characters who has a change of heart toward the end of the picture, it is an adaptation of a stage play which hardly made history on Broadway, and is only worthy of comment because, though an all-talking picture acted by the original stage cast, the lines are so mumbled that it is hardly possible to follow the plot. One gathers only enough to realize that this murkiness is, after all, more a blessing than anything else.

EXCEPT for the revival at the Film Guild Playhouse of "Potemkin" and "The Last Laugh," which are worth while if you haven't seen them, there was nothing especial at any of the little playhouses. There is a good view of Victoria Falls in "Livingstone in Africa," at the Fifth Avenue, but otherwise the picture is dullish. The ping-pong at the Little Carnegie was more distracting than the picture excitedly called "The Whirl of Life," the whirl being a circus trapeze stunt.

—J. C. M.

•

QUIET ZONE

I never ask him questions though
There's much that I should like to know
About his little mysteries. . . .
I can't help wondering whom he sees
And what he's doing when he stays
Away for days and days and days.

I miss him, and my feelings get
A trifle pained at times, and yet
I bravely manage to restrain
Myself, for after all it's plain
If I go in for questions, he
Is apt to ask me two or three.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Danger lurks behind white teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims

WHITE teeth are attractive. Their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And however white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain prevalent diseases of neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat. And as the penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health. A needless sacrifice!

These odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, but use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

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FOR THE GUMS

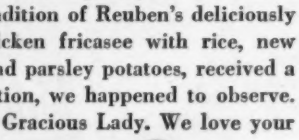
YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Seen at Reuben's

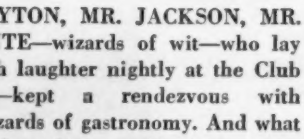
WELL, CHARLES RUGGLES—now that "Spring is Here", we're sure "Peter Bradley" and "Daughter Betty" can come to terms about those all-night parties. The sparkling atmosphere of Reuben's plus the soothing influence of a rare Reuben's dish (deliciously sweet and tender calf's liver, surrounded with crisp bacon, as alluringly presented by our Chef, f'instance) should result in a *cordial entente!* Who'd want to go home, anyway, with so much of interest to be seen—and *such* diversion in the way of food! . . .

By the way, Charlie, where's your mule?

BEFORE leaving on her concert tour, ROSA LOW, charming soprano, makes an unscheduled appearance here to pursue her interest in contemporary art. Our Chef's masterful rendition of Reuben's deliciously tempting chicken fricasee with rice, new green peas and parsley potatoes, received a splendid ovation, we happened to observe. Come again, Gracious Lady. We love your interpretations. We know you'll love ours.



MR. CLAYTON, MR. JACKSON, MR. DURANTE—wizards of wit—who lay 'em low with laughter nightly at the Club Rendezvous—kept a rendezvous with Reuben's wizards of gastronomy. And what d'ye think they discovered? A new version of Corned Beef Hash . . . at Reuben's they found it intriguingly concocted—browned to a point of mouth-watering crispness—served with spicy green peppers and poached egg. The snappy repartee of these celebs anent the joys of the aforesaid dish brought a proud blush even to hardened *us.*



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from a sandwich to a National Institution

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Cups Across the Sea—Habitual Champion

AMERICA's leading export to France of late has been silver cups. The Davis Cup went over in 1927; our National singles cup has been won for the last three years by Lacoste and Cochet; and now, only four years after it was put up, our National indoor-tennis cup has become the permanent property of M. Borotra.

As soon as Borotra's entry was cabled, the custodians of the none too blooming exchequer of the Lawn Tennis Association applied for a new indoor-tennis challenge cup. Borotra arrived, informed the interviewers with heavy heart that age is creeping upon him, and that tennis is now secondary with him to selling pumps—and was taken seriously by no one. For lightning does strike in the same place twice, as was demonstrated when Borotra won the championship in 1925 and 1927, and everybody was fairly convinced it was going to strike a third time, even with Frank Hunter in the draw.

Hunter's eleventh-hour entry did much to dissipate the gloom in certain tennis circles. Hadn't he beaten Borotra at Forest Hills last September, and in Holland earlier in 1928? They overlooked, though, the fact that those matches were played on grass and clay. Borotra is good enough on any service, but on the fast board floor of the Seventh Regiment Armory he darts here, there, and everywhere, striking with the finality of a thunderbolt. His service is better than it is outdoors, his volleys never come back, and his ground strokes spatter in the back corners like rifle fire.

After being beaten by Borotra, Merritt Cutler said, "He returned my best shots for winners." Hall, who played magnificent tennis, and made the best showing against the invader, felt equally discouraged.

IN the semi-finals Hunter pounded Julius Seligson out of his back court, and with as destructive a bombardment as I ever saw him deliver. Yet, good as he looked, one had the conviction that Borotra's speed

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would be too much even for so hard a hitter and indomitable a fighter. Such was the case. After losing the first two sets, Hunter made a great stand that just barely failed to carry him through the fourth set. Borotra's volleying carried the day.

EVER since they stopped holding the indoor championship at Tuxedo, the tournament has been staged in the Seventh Regiment Armory. The late Major General Daniel Appleton was responsible for bringing it there, while the Armory was still in an unfinished state, and it is said that there are half a dozen balls embedded in the concrete walls. The lighting is none too good for tennis at best, and on a cloudy day, when the sun comes and goes, one wonders how the players are able to see the ball.

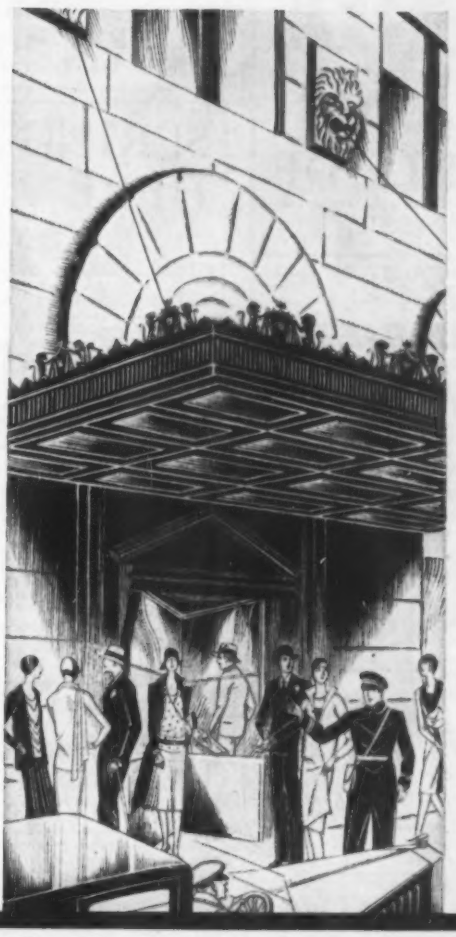
Nevertheless, the tournament generally is well patronized, and always is if Borotra is playing. Any time he is in the lists the committee's financial worries end, for there is no player on the courts, not even Tilden, who is a bigger drawing card. The picturesque Basque, with his immaculate, high-waisted flannels and a beret, his infectious gay spirits and his sensational acrobatics, never fails to put on a show that sends the crowd away happy.

Day after day he plays with break-neck speed. In his match with Aydelotte he set after a widely angled volley, dashed headlong across the adjoining court on which Hunter and Seligson were playing, and went sprawling head on into a linesman, thirty yards from where he had started. Both of them went down with a crash while the crowd roared. Borotra calmly picked himself and the linesman up, raced back to his court, and set himself in his characteristic tense position without even pausing to get breath. For one who spends most of his sleeping hours in Pullmans, and who seems to be the busiest man in town, he is always in amazingly fine physical condition.

THE National indoor-tennis cup was but one of two tennis trophies that passed out of competition last week; a few days before Borotra's victory over Hunter, Rowland Haines beat H. R. Mixsell in the National amateur squash-tennis tournament at the Columbia University Club. It was the third time in succession that he had won the championship.

Mixsell had said the match wouldn't

HOTEL
ST. REGIS



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THE

Front Page

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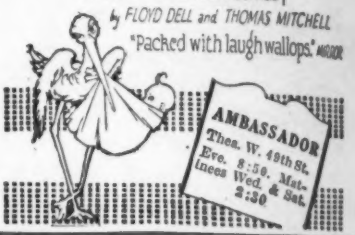

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be much to look at. Those who were able to get a glimpse of it from the packed gallery decided he is a poor prophet, for in the first game Haines put on the most amazing exhibition of a smashing game ever seen in a championship. In seven minutes he ran fifteen points while holding his opponent to a single one; Mixsell might as well have been off the court for all he could do to check the onslaught.

After that first game was over the play became ordinary. The champion developed a streak of wildness while Mixsell got better and better, and it was only by the margin of a point that Haines prevented Mixsell from winning the third game. Those first seven minutes of play, however, will never be forgotten by any who saw them, and I venture to predict that Haines will be playing the same kind of squash three years from now. —A. D.

•

THOUGHTS ON A TRAIN

Sunset in the sky,
A friend
  At the end of the track;
May the sunset never die,
  For the night looms black,
May the train arrive too late
  For me to know
Whether he who did not wait
  Died some words ago.

–RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

President Coolidge enjoyed fishing, but was always conscious of the wearing effect of his office and commented on it frequently. One time at a meeting of the correspondents he was looking rather drawn and criticising the repeated mention of his fishing, placed his clenched fist against his chest and said with feeling: TS; 3 PQ, osdzk., Yvntyrth. ffi ffiffi —*Findlay (O.) Republican.*

That was before he started writing for *Cosmopolitan.*

•

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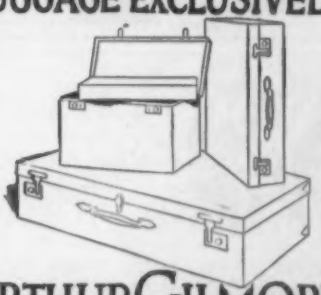

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"Do you know Mr. Chilicothe, too? He's a dear. Harvard and all that! But mother got ptomaine on his gin so I've had to cut him out. It's a shame. His manners are divine.

"Of course I knew Cunningham Waldo. I mean I was on his mailing list before they sent him to Atlanta. Wasn't he efficient though? Sent all his clients follow-up letters when it was time for them to restock their bars. Now he's just suffering in Atlanta. Yes, convicted of using the mails to defraud. Said his stuff was real Bacardi and it came from Brooklyn. It seems that's against post-office rulings. Yes, the government certainly is strict.

"His case was something like Mr. Schneiderman's. Only Mr. Schneiderman's wasn't so federal or anything. I mean Anton Schneiderman ran a speakeasy on a block with a hospital. You know hospital streets are always restricted. So Anton had to close up. I just felt awful, and he had such a nice wife, too.

"What! You know Angelo Capriana? Isn't it wonderful, we know so many people in common? I always say it's a small world after all. Did I ever tell you the quaint way I met Angelo? I was giving a party and Peter Jennings had promised to bring some Scotch. Six o'clock came, and Peter didn't appear and I was almost frantic. Peter's got wonderful taste but you can't depend on him to keep engagements so I've given him the air. He's angry with me, I know, but I

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¶ In 1889, the year before they published the first "who's who" in Peekskill, the firm of Fish and Marvin began its business career as specialists in Westchester real estate.

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can't always be thinking of his feelings. What did he think of *my* feelings the night he stood me up, and me giving a party?

"Well, it was almost six o'clock and not a drop in the house. I had Angelo's address because Lottie Carewe, the one who used to go to the Second Church when I did, gave it to me. I just ran around to his house myself. It took courage to ring the bell of that mysterious-looking house. I nearly died of fright. And when the dog started barking I almost passed out on the doorstep. Of course now I know the dog, St. Cecilia, and I'm no end fond of her. Isn't she a lovely dog? Angelo's just mad about her, too.

"Angelo certainly is a gentleman even if he can't speak much English. He certainly has a charming personality. I said to mother when I got home, I said, 'Mother, there aren't many bootleggers you meet nowadays with old-school manners like Angelo.' Mother doesn't like to have me associate with every type of bootlegger. A girl can't be too careful.

"I've been at Angelo's house dozens of times now. We're very good friends. His wife is adorable. They have such a beautiful home life, too. What do you think Angelo said to me? What *do* you think? He said, 'I'm glad to know you live with your mother.' Can you tie that? A bootlegger, too!

"George doesn't know I'm so friendly with the Caprianas. He'd die if I told him. He's a perfect prude, that's what he is. A prude. I mean he thinks you should obey the law and all that. Sure, he drinks. But he doesn't think a young girl should break the law. George and I are practically engaged now so I've got to be a bit careful of his prejudices. I'm fond of him even if he is a bit narrow-minded. His business? He sells Florida lots by mail."

—VERA CASPARY

•

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

[Adv. in a Portland (Me.) theatre program]

An American while touring in Europe often considers it a tragedy that so many places which could be quite picturesque are drab and uninteresting for lack of brightness and color. A new coat of paint on many of the houses would change those villages into most attractive little towns. Be sure no European can criticize your home for its lack of cheeriness and color by getting your paint at Burgess, Forbes Company.

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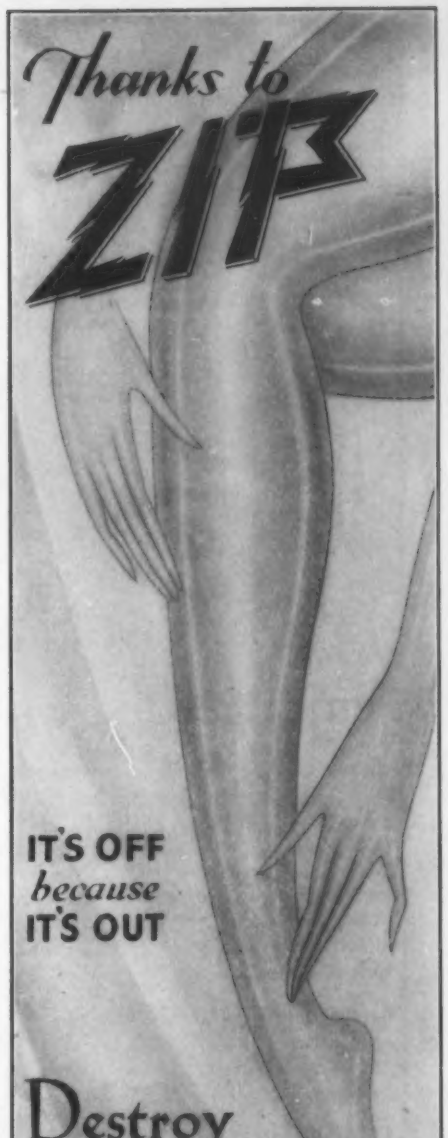

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RECENT BOOKS

Personalities — Country Life in America—Hate and Hardship

THREE new biographies, two of Ambrose Bierce and one of Herman Melville, deserve attention. Lewis Mumford's "Herman Melville" is not only a fine reconstruction of the character of a unique figure in American letters and a most illuminating criticism of his work, but it takes, on its own merits, an important place in contemporary literature. Nor is it of interest solely to the reader who knows his Melville. The author does not take for granted that Melville's books are all familiar, or, for that matter, that any of them are. He discusses each book as it comes along, describing it in detail and according each its proper significance in relation to Melville's philosophy. As an example of this method the chapter on "Moby Dick" is perhaps the finest in the book, with that on the Civil War and its effect a close second.

"Bitter Bierce," by C. Hartley Grattan, and "Portrait of Ambrose Bierce," by Adolphe de Castro, approach their subject from different angles. Mr. Grattan is more concerned with the influences and qualities of mind which produced this brilliant, eccentric, and mysterious genius than with the manifestations of brilliance and eccentricity and genius. Dr. de Castro has one advantage over him. He was Bierce's intimate friend and follower, and his book is personal, first-hand, and anecdotal, all of which make it easy and interesting reading. The two books complement each other, just as the tabloid may complement the literary review. If you want a better understanding of Bierce's writing, you should read Grattan.

"BACK TO STAY," by Jonathan Leonard, calls for comment. By this time you will probably know all about its history; how it was declined by a number of publishers (who are gnashing their teeth, we suppose) and how it was then set and printed by the author. Now look at it! This strangely contrived story of New England in the seventies is simple in

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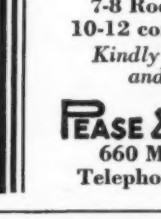

Acclaimed by critics and readers in the grand manner! *John Farrar* names it, "a subtle, witty and thoroughly delightful book." *Already* in its second printing. $2.50

by Louis Kronenberger

HORACE LIVERIGHT
GOOD BOOKS NY

plot and rich in characters. We were two-thirds through before we accustomed ourself to the style. Then we thought it was a pretty good style. When we finished, we thought the style perfect.

It is not the traditional story of a rockbound New England farm; its village is a buzzing little place with cracker barrels and a meeting house and a blacksmith's shop where the time of day and opinions are passed. The talk establishes the mood of the book, and the New England character. It is shrewd, bigoted, stubborn, pious, prejudiced, and dour. Zenas Wardon, retired from the sea, is the epitome of these qualities. Old Zenas had telescopic eyes. He could see the glitter on the silver handles of a coffin way down the river, but he used his spyglass whenever he could find a reason for doing so. He looked at life through a spyglass, too, and his autocratic old eye keeps a sharp watch over his children and their children, and occasionally rolls reminiscently back over the years when he did his bit with the girls. The return of Dixi Wardon, the rebellious youngest son, precipitates the action of the story. Dixi comes back an alien, and the smoldering resentment of the town comes to a blaze in its treatment of him. Dixi, however, after being tarred and feathered, is back to stay.

"Hobby House," by Russell Neale, may be a weakness of ours but it is not a temporary enthusiasm, for we have read it twice and are therefore doubly impressed by its bleak realism,

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its grim story, and the suitability of Mr. Neale's style to his theme. He, like Jonathan Leonard, has cut himself loose from any set form of the novel and lets his story tell itself in its own way.

The scene is a town along the banks of the Ohio. Anchored by the property of William Stiffey, the burgess, is the dirty houseboat, Hobby House, where live Cap Ira, Pearl his termagant wife, Julia his daughter, and various little Iras. This vulgar proximity is beyond bearing for the burgess. Young Stiffey, heir to a fortune and a tradition, marries Julia, and this too is beyond bearing. Nothing happens in the story which probably would not have happened to this ill-assorted group of people—pride and hate and birth and death—and the author does not point with a dramatic finger at any of these catastrophes. They come at you insidiously, but you can't forget them.

AGNES SMEDLEY's "Daughter of Earth" bristles with resentment and hate. The facts are so patently genuine and so keenly felt by the author that they rush at the reader with a terrific impact. The impact is an intellectual one. We resented Marie Rogers' attitude toward life almost as much as she resented life itself. She is understandable; her childhood, her parents, and the erosion of hate and hardship all make the hard, almost repellent young woman, whose passion for independence outruns kindness and sympathy and tolerance, as clear as any clinical case.

The first part of the novel seemed to us the best part, with its re-creation of squalor and poverty and the ugly side of human relationships. The section dealing with Marie's work for the Hindus in New York, and her encounters with the law, has none of the vitality of her life in the Colorado mining camps, and Marie herself fades out in it. It is a pity, for whether you liked her or not, the Marie of Trinidad was a person of enormous force and personality. —R. L. L.

•

BUSINESS MAN wants nicely furnished, well ventilated room with American couple or a lady alone, to live permanently in a moral but independent manner.—*Havana (Cuba) Post.*

Listen, there's no permanence in morality, and there's no independence even in the best-ventilated families.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Ironic and beautifully written portrait of a mystic who bears a certain likeness to Shelley. An interesting group of people remarkably differentiated.

DAUGHTER OF EARTH, by Agnes Smedley (*Coward-McCann*). A gloomy but powerful narrative of a woman's resentment of poverty, marriage, servitude, and sex.

THE LOVE CLINIC, by Maurice Dekobra (*Payson & Clarke*). Dr. Schomberg carries a lovely lady off to a forest clinic where all sorts of sinister experiments are performed on his patients. Exciting in the exotic Dekobra manner.

BACK TO STAY, by Jonathan Leonard (*Viking Press*). Striking study of the New England character and an impressive story of a rebellious young man's return home.

HOBBY HOUSE, by Russell Neale (*Harper*). Grim and poignant novel about a family of river rats along the Ohio. A first book that is a definite achievement.

THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a woman who was loyal to technicalities and lost out all along the line. An excellent novel.

THIS DELICATE CREATURE, by Con O'Leary (*Elliot Holt*). An extremely modern young woman has a series of visions of herself and mends her ways. You may like it; we didn't.

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE, by Jesse Lynch Williams (*Scribner*). Suave and taking comedy about the functioning of the cosmic urge among the young generation.

STEPPING HIGH, by Gene Markey (*Doubleday, Doran*). The professional and love life of a pair of hoofers. Light but diverting.

PROCESSION OF LOVERS, by Lloyd Morris (*Harcourt, Brace*). Famous love stories retold by a group of people at a villa near Nice.

DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). How Europe and retirement

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STRANGE TRUTH

affect an American marriage. A rather overwritten novel which comes to life almost too late.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP, by Joan Lowell (*Simon & Schuster*). A girl's seventeen years on a trading schooner in the South Seas. Vivid, rich, and vigorous.

THY DARK FREIGHT, by Vere Hutchinson (*Liveright*). A fine story of the conflict between two strong personalities, a mother and son, with the sea and a fishing village as its setting.

THE SPINNER OF THE YEARS, by Phyllis Bentley (*Henkle*). Maternal ambition and greed, and their effect on the lives of a group of interesting people.

THE BRIDE'S HOUSE, by Dawn Powell (*Brentano*). A study of a woman's emotions, against the background of an Ohio farm. Love in and out of marriage treated with beauty and restraint.

ACTION, by C. E. Montague (*Doubleday, Doran*). Twelve short stories full of meat and a fine flavor.

SOUVENIR, by Floyd Dell (*Doubleday, Doran*). "The Mooncalf" as an adult meets his son by his first marriage. We didn't find it very interesting.

RENO, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (*Macaulay*). The lowdown on Reno; second-rate stuff, but lots of scandal.

THIS SIDE OF JORDAN, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). One of the really good books about negro life in the South. Shrewd, mellow, and humorous.

SILVER CIRCUS, by A. E. Coppard (*Knopf*). Sophisticated short stories in which one is almost too conscious of the author's chiselled technique.

Less recent:

THE TRUE HEART, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. THE BLACKER THE BERRY, by Wallace Thurman. PLUM BUN, by Jessie Redmon Fauset. ROME HAUL, by Walter D. Edmonds. EXPIATION, by "Elizabeth." THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. SEVEN BROTHERS, by Alexis Kivi. SIMPLE PEOPLE, by Archibald Marshall. A GREAT MAN, by Walter Vogdes. A DEAD MAN DIES, by Percy Marks.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA, by Elizabeth Jordan (*Century*). . . . ONE BY ONE THEY DISAPPEARED, by Moray Dalton (*Harper*). . . . THE BLACK DUDLEY MURDER, by Margery Allingham (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . CAROLINE ORMESBY'S CRIME, by Herbert Adams (*Lippincott*). . . . THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . MEET THE TIGER, by Leslie Charteris (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE TWISTER, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . INTO THIN AIR, by Horatio

•

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Winslow and Leslie Quirk (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE BISHOP MURDER CASE, by S. S. Van Dine (*Scribner*). . . . MURDER ON "B" DECK, by Vincent Starrett (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE LIVING ALIBI, by Seldon Truss (*Coward-McCann*). . . . MURDER AT THE KEYHOLE, by R. A. J. Walling (*Morrow*). . . . THE SECOND GUESS, by Walter C. Brown (*Lippincott*). . . . THE SECRET OF SEA-DREAM HOUSE, by Albert Payson Terhune (*Harper*). . . . THE TAPESTRY ROOM MURDER, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*).

GENERAL

THE PEDRO GORINO, by Capt. Harry Dean and Sterling North (*Houghton, Mifflin*). This Black Sea captain traded in gold, diamonds, ostrich plumes, and ivory along the coast of Africa, occasionally penetrating the interior. A good yarn.

VISCOUNT HALDANE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (*Doubleday, Doran*). Another important and illuminating volume for the biography shelf. A graciously and wisely written record of a full life.

UNDERTONES OF WAR, by Edmund Blunden (*Doubleday, Doran*). A poet's reminiscences of his war experiences, worth reading for its prose beauty and its seasoned reflections on a grisly epoch.

BITTER BIERCE, by C. Hartley Grattan (*Doubleday, Doran*). Dramatic presentation of the mystery man of American letters. Not only excellent biography but also sound criticism.

PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE BIERCE, by Adolphe de Castro (*Century*). Bierce's friend and follower writes the strange story of his life as he knew it. More personal than the preceding book.

GOD'S COUNTRY, by Ralph Barton (*Knopf*). American history, written and illustrated from a satiric viewpoint, which will annoy one-hundred-per-centers and amuse others.

MARRIAGE IN THE MODERN MANNER, by Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn (*Century*). A traffic handbook through the marriage maze; informative for the long, or newly, married.

STRANGE TRUTH, by "Elspeth" (*Houghton, Mifflin*). Pungent poems disclosing the flies in most ointments and the bones in the shad, but doing so with delicacy and beauty.

THIS BLIND ROSE, by Humbert Wolfe (*Doubleday, Doran*). Poems of eerie loveliness and depth. One of the important collections of the year.

THE UNTOLD STORY, by Mary Desti (*Liveright*). The last years of Isadora Duncan's life by one of her closest friends. Especially interesting in its description of her marriage.

HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR, by George A. Dorsey (*Harper*). Some further explanations of why—and how—we behave like human beings.

Less recent:

EARTHBOUND AND OTHER POEMS, by Helene Mullins. MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sassoon. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Robert Ripley.

•

"It certainly is exciting to be in New York during the opera season," Ben said, as he put his arms through the sleeves of his vest.—*From a serial in the Chicago Daily News.*

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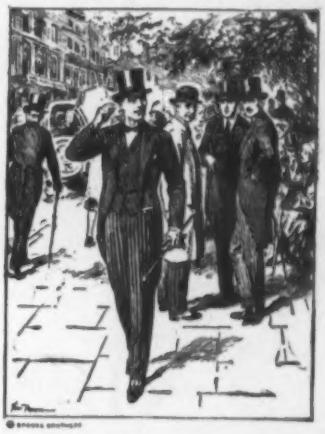

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